

# THE WESTERN MONTHLY.

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## CHICAGO AS A PORT OF ENTRY.

BY W. A. CROFFUT.

"I WISH I could go to America, if only to see that Chicago," said Count Bismarck recently to General Sheridan. The remark is not original with the uncrowned sovereign of Germany. Two other sovereigns, Victoria and Carlyle, have repeatedly expressed the same desire; and Cobden said to Goldwin Smith, "See Niagara and Chicago, if nothing else."

Chicago is the largest live-stock market in the world. It is also the largest lumber market in the world. It recently was the largest grain market in the world, and it will assume that predominance again as soon as honest citizens shall vigorously unite and crush out the warehouse plunderers.

These points of commercial superiority are well known; but there are few, even of her own citizens, who are aware that Chicago holds the first place as an American port of entry. Indeed the figures show that there annually enter at the port of Chicago a greater number of vessels than at all the ports of New York, Phila-

delphia, Baltimore, San Francisco, Charleston, and Mobile, combined.

The following table shows the number of vessels entered at the principal ports of the country during 1868:

Chicago .....	13,174
New York .....	7,100
Buffalo .....	5,729
Detroit .....	5,337
Boston .....	4,637
Milwaukee .....	4,608
Oswego .....	4,588
Cleveland .....	4,015
Baltimore .....	3,250
Philadelphia .....	1,918
New Orleans .....	1,739
San Francisco .....	688
Mobile .....	649
Charleston .....	542

These figures do not include in any case, of course, the vessels of the respective districts, but only those in coasting or foreign trade entering at the Custom Houses. To make the comparison wholly fair, the table should be made up for nine months only, as the lakes are almost wholly closed during the winter months, and there is corresponding activity during the pleasant season. In one week of last July there were more entries at

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the Custom House of Chicago than will be recorded at Mobile, Charleston or San Francisco in the entire year.

During the last six months of 1869, 9,003 vessels were entered at the Chicago Custom House, against 3,639 entered at the New York Custom House, and 2,583 at Boston. Even Buffalo surpassed New York for the six months, numbering 4,165 vessels. Chicago entered nearly as many as the seven largest sea-ports together!

The average tonnage of the vessels entering the sea-ports is considerably greater than of those entering the lake-ports; yet none of the latter enumerated are less than two-hundred tons burthen. The aggregate tonnage of the 13,174 vessels entered at Chicago was 3,032,456 tons; while that of the 7,100 vessels entered at New York was 4,263,491 tons.

But the fact still remains conspicuous, that the domestic commerce of America far exceeds the foreign commerce, and is incalculably more important. The ships that touch for traffic at our ocean-ports mainly contribute to the wealth of other lands, while the vessels that float upon our mediterranean seas are the living agents of our comfort and our material progress. It is an exploded folly to suppose that foreign commerce brings wealth to a country. It certainly sets some of our domestic trade in motion, stirs up manufactures, and gives agriculture a market; but it results mostly in an exchange of those values which give comfort to the many for those which give luxuries to the few.

The following interesting table exhibits the number and tonnage of vessels that have arrived at Chicago for eight years from foreign and American ports:

Years.	Vessels.	Tonnage.
1862 .....	7,417	1,931,692
1863 .....	8,678	2,172,611
1864 .....	8,938	2,172,866
1865 .....	10,112	2,166,859
1866 .....	11,084	2,268,577
1867 .....	12,230	2,588,572
1868 .....	13,174	3,032,456
1869 .....	13,732	3,123,400

The goods and merchandise brought from foreign ports and entered through the Custom House at Chicago, form as yet but an insignificant item in her trade, but the increase is uniform and rapid. The figures for four years, from 1865 to 1868 inclusive, present the following result:

	1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.
Imports ..	\$300,000	\$660,330	\$1,057,318	\$1,473,626

There is one other imperative requirement: to give the port its needed protection, the artificial basin now begun must be so constructed as to furnish a safe and spacious harbor for shipping in time of storm. Vessels are now defenceless, unless they can make their way into the river. The eligible space is all occupied in the busy season, and if our facilities are to keep pace with our commercial progress, the harbor must be lengthened, deepened, widened, strengthened, and made sufficient to furnish a refuge for all the shipping of the lakes.

It requires no prophetic power to foresee the enormous increase of the commercial importance of Chicago. Its relations with Europe and Asia are growing more and more intimate. Since the Mongolians swung their eastern gate ajar, Chicago finds itself a depot of exchange between Orient and Occident. It is practically four thousand miles nearer to China and to Australia than London is; and across the continent, *via* the Pacific Railroad, must ultimately pass the European traffic and travel to the northern Indies.

Direct trade with Europe, heretofore considerable, will assume giant proportions when the requisite improvements of the St. Lawrence and a canal around Niagara shall permit the passage of vessels of 1500 tons. The commerce of the lakes sorely needs the unobstructed outlet of the St. Lawrence and the assistance of capacious ship canals, and the demand is becoming so imperative as to excite the earnest attention of the West. The Chicago

Board of Trade, at a recent meeting, adopted the following memorial:

WHEREAS, the question of cheapening transportation between the interior and seaboard sections of the United States is one of vital importance to the whole country, and especially so to the producers of the West; and

WHEREAS, we regard the improvement of water facilities and the opening of the river St. Lawrence to freedom of transit for the commerce of the United States as the most feasible mode of relief to the Western agriculturists; therefore,

*Resolved*, That this Board most respectfully urge upon the President of the United States the necessity of opening negotiations with Great Britain, and pressing them to an early conclusion, with a view of securing to the commerce of this country entire freedom of transit to the ocean via the St. Lawrence river, and from the Canadian authorities the enlargement and improvement of this route to the capacity of our largest vessels.

It is expected that the Congressional delegation from the West will be a unit in demanding favorable action upon a matter so vital to the interests of their constituents, and that they will insist that negotiations be opened with Great Britain at the earliest possible day.

Chicago is located in the very middle of the belt of earth which may be called the Zone of Civilization, within which the hardest stock has originat-

ed, and the most powerful nations have sprung. It is the zone of enterprise, vigor, vigilance, intelligence, ambition, thrift.

Here is the centre of the most complete railroad system on earth. In 1848 there were only twenty-two miles of railroad in Illinois; now it has 3,562 miles—more than any other State except Pennsylvania,—and fifteen long lines radiate from Chicago, as a pivot, and cover 6,000 miles of track, not including the new Pacific line. Two-thirds of the railroads of the great Northwest are tributary to Chicago, and the city is becoming every day, in a more intimate sense, the metropolis of all the newer central States. It is their commercial heart; here is felt the strong and regular throbbing of their pulse.

In 1867, the only year whose figures lie before us, there were received at St. Louis 17,848,755 bushels of grain, and at Chicago 72,470,303 bushels. The following table shows the shipments of grain for a series of years:

SHIPMENTS OF FLOUR (REDUCED TO WHEAT) AND GRAIN FROM CHICAGO, FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

YEAR.	Flour & Wheat Bushels.	Corn. Bushels.	Oats. Bushels.	Rye. Bushels.	Barley. Bushels.	Total Bushels.
1838	78	.....	.....	.....	.....	78
1839	3,678	.....	.....	.....	.....	3,678
1840	10,000	.....	.....	.....	.....	10,000
1841	40,000	.....	.....	.....	.....	40,000
1842	586,907	.....	.....	.....	.....	586,907
1843	688,907	.....	.....	.....	.....	688,907
1844	923,494	.....	.....	.....	.....	923,494
1845	1,024,620	.....	.....	.....	.....	1,024,620
1846	1,599,919	.....	.....	.....	.....	1,599,919
1847	2,136,994	67,135	38,892	.....	.....	2,242,821
1848	2,286,000	366,460	65,280	.....	.....	3,001,740
1849	2,192,809	644,848	26,849	31,483	.....	2,966,111
1850	1,387,989	839,013	186,034	27,872	.....	1,830,938
1851	799,380	3,221,317	605,807	19,997	.....	4,646,501
1852	941,470	2,757,011	2,030,317	157,058	17,315	5,843,141
1853	1,680,998	2,780,253	1,748,493	120,275	82,162	6,412,181
1854	2,744,860	6,837,899	3,239,987	148,421	41,153	12,932,320
1855	7,110,270	7,547,678	1,888,533	92,092	20,132	16,613,700
1856	9,419,395	11,129,658	1,014,547	19,051	590	21,583,221
1857	10,763,292	6,814,615	316,778	17,993	.....	18,032,678
1858	10,909,243	7,493,212	1,498,134	127,008	.....	20,035,166
1859	10,759,359	4,217,554	1,174,177	134,494	486,218	16,771,812
1860	15,892,837	13,700,113	1,091,607	156,542	267,449	31,108,759
1861	23,855,553	24,372,725	1,633,237	398,813	226,534	50,481,862
1862	22,508,143	29,452,610	3,112,366	871,796	532,195	56,484,110
1863	18,298,536	24,906,930	9,909,175	683,946	943,232	54,741,839
1864	10,687,055	12,740,543	16,470,929	898,536	327,431	47,124,494
1865	15,718,348	25,228,526	10,598,661	1,022,200	645,089	53,212,224
1866	21,330,484	32,953,539	9,584,273	1,489,809	1,398,056	66,736,660
1867	20,634,418	21,267,205	10,226,026	1,213,382	1,846,821	55,187,900
1868	22,372,778	24,770,626	14,440,830	1,242,041	991,183	61,688,358
1869	24,938,564	21,586,848	8,800,646	798,744	633,753	56,759,515

An examination of the export statistics of Chicago discloses the fact that four-fifths of all the grain that leaves Chicago goes by lake.

In the amount of its wholesale business, Chicago ranks after New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, as the fourth city in the country—the annual total being \$500,000,000. Baltimore and New Orleans take their places next.

In the matter of population, Chicago rose from the eighteenth place among cities in 1850, to the ninth place in 1860, and to the fifth place in 1870. The story of her growth is wilder and more surprising than any of the fairy tales with which the queen of tale-tellers, Scheherezade, beguiled the whimsical Sultan of the Indies.

Dividing our national area geographically into three natural sections, we have about 900,000 square miles on the Atlantic slope, 900,000 on the Pacific, and 1,350,000 in the great central basin. If the rate of increase of the last seventy years be continued during the next thirty, the United States of 1900 will contain a population of more than a hundred millions of people, and more than one-half of the whole will find their homes in the great interior empire of which Chicago is the ordained metropolis. In ten years more the present railroad facilities of the States west of Chicago will

be doubled, and these tend not only to develop but to centralize and converge. Through all these arms of traffic will Chicago reach with a centripetal attraction, drawing to herself the product of farm and mine, of mill and lathe, and subjecting all to the alchemy of exchange.

No nation ever had a more productive agricultural basis than the rich alluvial of lake and river upon which rests and thrives the progressive commonwealth of the West. In no nation was enterprise ever rewarded with more wonderful auxiliaries than the mines of iron, coal, and lead, of copper, silver, and gold, that in royal abundance crop out of the mountain spurs of Colorado and the Missouri valley.

By the year 1900 our domestic commerce will be equal to that of all Europe, and a vast foreign commerce will be fed by the fleets upon our inland seas. By that time our people should be as nearly as possible self-supporting. Dividing their time between agriculture, manufactures, and trade, grown wealthy by diversified industry, and happy in plenty and prolonged peace, they will have an opportunity to study political economy in their own life, and learn therefrom that no nation can be permanently prosperous that is not commercially independent.

## THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF GREAT MEN.

BY E. O. HAVEN.

IN nothing, perhaps, are we so frequently disappointed as in the bodily appearance of some notorious personage with whose actions and character we have been long acquainted, but whose image in the mind's eye was wholly of our own creation. At first we refuse to substitute the strange reality for our long cherished ideal, for the mind cannot

think of persons or things without creating a picture of them. Generally we magnify the size of our heroes and enfold them with superhuman beauty, or if they are hateful we conceive of them as ugly and deformed. The Grecian gods and goddesses, ideal human beings, presented the Grecian type of physical perfection; but an assembly of Greeks—politicians, poets,



philosophers, orators, merchants, laborers or slaves,—would have presented the usual variety in size, weight, height, complexion, beauty, and ugliness, now seen in every such assembly in any highly civilized race. Plato, originally called Aristocles, received his name, which signifies *broad*, from the size of his shoulders; and was a large man, thoroughly trained in athletic exercises. Aristotle, who divided with him the empire of philosophy, and added to it a large domain from science, might have been named *Narrow*; for he was a small, light man, though probably healthier than his rival. Socrates, their teacher, was short and ugly, and often likened to a Silenus,—though in one place it is stated that when he was young he was called handsome.

It is remarkable that the variety in bodily appearance and endowments increases with the degree of civilization,—life in the savage state being more monotonous, intermarriages more frequent, and the limited tribes or clans descending into a uniformity in physical and mental character. Wild plants and animals of any one species are nearly alike; the cultivated differ as much as civilized men.

Dr. Beddoe, President of the British Anthropological Society, states, as the result of several thousand careful measurements, that the average height of adult Englishmen, and also of adult Irishmen, is between five feet six inches and five feet seven inches; while Scotchmen are on the average half an inch taller. The average height of Germans is about the same as that of Englishmen, and the average of native Americans will not surpass that of Scotchmen. The average weight is not much above one hundred and forty pounds.

When a man of gigantic stature is remarkable also for extraordinary intellectual and moral ability,—when he has power to govern, or magnetic eloquence, or occupies a conspicuous station,—there can be no question

that he derives great additional influence from the size of his body. Constantine, a giant in body, at the head of his army or on the throne provided for him in the great ecumenical council at Nice; Charlemagne, towering above others in height, and able to command and reconstruct the broken elements of Europe into a new empire; Peter the Great, who introduced Russia into the sisterhood of civilized nations; Washington, the Father of his Country;—all satisfied that instinct which loves to see an imposing appearance associated with intellectual power and personal authority. Yet all these men had as counsellors men of smaller bodies but perhaps acuter perceptions. It is pleasing to think of such eloquent orators as Nicón, the reformer of the Greek Church, seven feet high and well proportioned; Luther, whose sledge-hammer-like gestures and powerful voice were so appropriate to his thoughts and passion; the elder Pitt, a man of extraordinary size, holding the British Parliament alternately charmed and terrified, if not convinced, by his eloquence; Drs. Mason and Olin, whose sonorous sermons acquired extraordinary and adventitious power from their wonderfully large bodies; Daniel Webster, “a steam-engine in breeches,” as Sydney Smith felicitously described him. Such men—and it would be easy to multiply instances—show the peculiar power of high mental endowments, when clothed in large bodies.

But facts will not allow us to accept the materialistic hypothesis that there is any connection between the shape or weight of the body and power of mind. Soul, whatever it may be, is not dependent on the size, nor on any known quality, of the engine with which it is connected, for either amount or intensity of action. Unobserving men, like savages, usually think so; but the facts are against the theory. Spence relates that Pope, the poet, was with Sir Godfrey Knel-

ler, a celebrated portrait painter, one day, when his nephew, a Guinea slave-trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world." Kneller, a little man bodily, had a sufficiently high opinion of himself, as well as of his little friend, Pope; and was hardly prepared for the reply: "I don't know how great men you may be, but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."

Inasmuch as many thoughtlessly adopt this Guinea-trader's theory, it may be well to adduce some miscellaneous facts, a few specimens from an uncounted store of the same kind, to show that no law of relation whatever between the power of the mind and the size of the body has been detected. It may be well, however, to observe that it is difficult to obtain exact information on this subject. Many witnesses unconsciously lie on all matters of fact affected by passion or taste. Louis XIV. passed for a large man, and was so described by his courtiers and in history; but the actual measurement of his skeleton, some years after his death, shows that he was considerably under the average size. Napoleon the Third, during his reign, was often represented as large and majestic in personal appearance; now, however, dethroned and in prison, it has been found, according to a correspondent, that "the general impression prevailing as to the appearance of Napoleon is erroneous. Napoleon is of very small stature, little more than five feet in height, pretty stout, somewhat round-shouldered, and bends his head to the left side. He walks slowly, jumps easily and expertly into the saddle, and is a graceful horseman." Nearly all descriptions of personal appearance are vague and worthless. Indeed, some think the subject wholly undeserving of notice—and perhaps

they are not far from right. Mr. Isaac Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," remarks: "It is an odd observation of Clarendon, in his own life, that 'Mr. Chillingworth was of a stature little superior to Mr. Hales; and it was an age in which there were very many great and wonderful men of that size. Lord Falkland, formerly Sir Lucius Carey, was of a low stature, and smaller than most men;' and of Sidney Godolphin, 'There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room.' This irrelevant observation of Lord Clarendon," says Mr. Disraeli, "is an instance where a great mind will sometimes draw inferences from accidental coincidences, and establish them into a general principle; as if the small size of the men had even the remotest connection with their genius and their virtues."

This sound philosophy may be verified by many facts.

Byron informs his readers that he was exactly "five feet eight and one half inches in height, slight" and muscular,—about two inches taller than the average of his countrymen, and about three inches taller than English lunatics: for Dr. Beddoe has ascertained that the adult male inmates of lunatic asylums in England are one inch shorter than their rational brethren—perhaps because little men have a more nervous temperament, or perhaps because the larger men outside outvote and overpower their smaller brethren, and put them into lunatic asylums for safety.

Byron, in one of his journals, says: "The book in my opinion most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well read, with the least trouble, is Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' the most amusing and instructive medley of quotations and classical allusions I ever perused." This Burton called himself Democritus, Junior; and gives as a reason that Democritus, Senior, was a "little wearish old man," of won-

derful virtues, who laughed at folly, and that he himself was "parvus," and heard "new news every day—ordinary rumors of war, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies," and so on for a score of pages, more or less, and busied himself with laughing at the follies of mankind. When he comes, in his *olla podrida*, to mention our theme, he betrays the prejudice growing out of his own appearance, and says: "Esop was crooked; Socrates purblind, long-legged, hairy; Democritus withered; Seneca lean and harsh, ugly to behold;—yet show me so many flourishing wits, such divine spirits! Horace, a little bleary-eyed contemptible fellow, yet who so sententious and wise? Marsilius Ficinus, Faber Stopulensis, a couple of dwarfs; Melancthon, a short hard-favored man, *parvus erat, sed magnus erat*, etc.; yet of incomparable parts, all three. Galba the emperor was crook-backed, Epictetus lame; that great Alexander a little man of stature; Augustus Cæsar of the same pitch; Agesilaus *despicibili forma*; Boccharis a most deformed prince as ever Egypt had, yet, as Diodorus Siculus records of him, in wisdom and knowledge far beyond his predecessors. A.D. 1306, Uladislaus Cubitatis, that pigmy king of Poland, reigned, and fought more victorious battles than any of his long-shanked predecessors. *Nullam virtus respuit staturam*—virtue refuseth no stature; and commonly your great vast bodies and fine features are sottish, dull, and leaden spirits. What's in them? *Quid nisi pondus iners stolidæque fervecia mentis*. What in Osus and Ephialtes (Neptune's sons in Homer), nine acres long? What in Maximinus, Ajax, Caligula, and the rest of those great Zanzummins, or gigantical Anakims, heavy, vast, barbarous lubbers?" And much more of the same sort.

Aristophanes, in one of his plays, makes Pounty say:

"I make a better race of men than Riches;  
For with him they are gouty, fat in paunch,  
Thick-legged, immoderately gross;  
Whilst mine are thin like wasps, and to their foes  
Have stung within their tails."

Robespierre—perhaps the most remarkable of all the characters who figured in the great French Revolution, and in some respects one of the strongest men the world has ever seen, seemingly an incarnation of will—was only five feet and two or three inches in height, his complexion livid and bilious, his eyelids constantly blinking, and his shoulders and neck subject to frequent spasmodic motions. And yet he swayed both the multitude and the Assembly by his logic and eloquence, and by the sheer force of intellect mastered the storm longer and more successfully than any other man. Marat, his rival, was not even five feet high, his face hideous, and his head monstrous for size. Danton, on the other hand, whose tremendous eloquence nerved the new republic successfully against foreign aggression, was of a large and powerful frame, and had an extraordinarily loud voice.

In every great assembly, similar contrasts appear. In the Council of Nice, upon which the giant Constantine benignantly smiled, while he urged the Christian magnates, whose religion he had made the state espouse, to harmonize their own views, the two men who alone out of the two thousand delegates won an everlasting fame were Arius, who was outvoted and is therefore an heretic, and Athanasius, who run the mould of orthodoxy for the next thousand years and more. These men are thus described by Prof. A. P. Stanley. "Arius was tall and thin, and apparently unable to support his stature; he has an odd way of contorting and twisting himself, which his enemies compare to the wriggling of a snake. He would be handsome but for the emaciation and deadly pallor of his face, and a downcast look, imparted by a weakness of eyesight. \* \* \* Yet with all this,

there is a sweetness in his voice and a winning earnest manner which fascinate those who come across him." Athanasius, his rival, who, after fierce disputes carried the council with him, was of very small stature, a dwarf rather than a man (so we know from the taunt of Julian); but, as we are assured, of almost angelic beauty of face and expression. To this, tradition adds that he had a slight stoop in his figure; a hooked nose, and a small mouth; a short beard, which spread out into large whiskers; and light auburn hair." This is the man whose combativeness and triumph gave origin to the proverb, "*Athanasius contra mundum*"—"Athanasius against the world."

Peter the Hermit, whose eloquence stirred all Europe to the Crusades, according to Berington, in his edition of Abelard and Heloise, was a tall, thin man, with a ringing voice; Whitefield was stout; Wesley was small. Niebuhr, who revolutionized the views of the world on Roman history, was five feet six inches in height, and slender; Schleirmacher, who turned theologic thought into a new channel, small and deformed. Gibbon informs us that he was feeble when a child, small as an adult, but corpulent, and his head was remarkably large. This was true also both of Sir Isaac Newton and of Cuvier. Dr. Kane, who endured both torrid heat and polar cold better than any of his companions, "was five feet six inches in height; in his best health he weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds." Mr. George Ticknor relates that Talleyrand said to him, in 1816, pointing to a portrait of

Alexander Hamilton, that the three greatest men he had known in his time were Napoleon (small but heavy), Charles Fox (large and corpulent), and Alexander Hamilton (small).

Bismarck, whose name is now more potent than that of any other man in Europe, is more than six feet tall, well-proportioned, and muscular; Thiers, who represents France before him, is "physically about as insignificant a specimen of humanity as could be picked out of a crowd."

But it is useless to multiply instances. All the facts show that souls of all sorts, in some way, promiscuously occupy bodies of all sorts. The most of what is said about temperament and physiognomy is traditional and superficial. It has been stated lately, in a New York journal, that a gentleman of that city recently received from Germany a collection of twenty of the photographic heads of the leading commanders of the Prussian army now in France. The photographs were confined to the heads, and no indication was given of the profession, position or names of the parties represented. The whole of them were submitted to a noted phrenologist and physiognomist of that city for his judgment upon them—no hint being given him concerning them. After studying them for some time, he said, in reply to an inquiry, that not one of these persons was possessed of a military head or expression!

It is evident that physiognomy is a failure, and to judge of the soul by the body is about as uncertain as the vagaries of fortune-tellers.

## ALMOST A ROMANCE.

BY JAMES B. RUNNION.

## I.

JANE JOHNSON'S life was not, after all, a very romantic one. It was constantly verging upon romance, but realities and common-places were always thrusting themselves between her and the mysterious whisperings so different from the blunt expressions of hum-drum life. If her romances were not always realized, it was not her fault, but because it is a difficult task to render realities romantic. A single instance of this is found in the fact that there was a long time, even after she had grown up to the understanding of these things, when she would not believe that her name was plain Jane Johnson. She found, however, that the only practical way of changing it was to get married. Even then her name was still Jane, and it will be readily admitted that it could not have been more unromantic, unless it had been Mary Jane. There is every reason to believe that if, at the age of sixteen, her name had actually been Mary Jane Johnson, it would have been enough to tempt her sorely to commit *felo de se*. As it was, she endured Jane and Jennie (even when it was spelt "Jenny") with a heroism that was quite remarkable, and only for a brief period did she make a desperate but unsuccessful effort to be known as Jean or Janet.

From the very earliest beginnings of Jane Johnson's life of which there is any record, this tendency to the romantic is traceable, and it sometimes seemed cruel that *something* should always turn up to break the illusion. Unlike most people, her life did not begin until she was already two years

old. At least there is no account of any earlier existence; and although it is natural to suppose that there was an existence prior to this age, yet the fact that nothing was known of it gave a heightened color to the fanciful picture of life which she always saw in her dreams. How this was may be readily understood by a simple statement of the facts of the case.

On the evening preceding January 1, 1850, a girl baby of about two years of age was brought to the orphan asylum of a Western city. There was nothing very unusual in such an event, but the circumstances attending this particular case were such as gave the lady directresses more material for gossip at their next weekly assembly than the reception of half a dozen other waifs. The woman who brought this girl baby was of a class that seldom seek the assistance of public charity, either for themselves or their children. There were peculiarities of appearance—a gaudiness of color, a slovenly carelessness of manner, and a curious mixture of rich material with threadbare and untidy places about her dress—that indicated but too clearly the character of the woman. Even without the bleary-eyed and haggard look that stamped a life of dissipation, there was a meretriciousness that was recognizable at once to a woman's eye. The matron of the orphan asylum saw but few such women in her life. The children that came to her were usually brought by persons who had found them homeless and friendless; sometimes by mothers, yet not wives, with whom maternity

had been more of a misfortune than a crime; or by those who had not vitality enough of their own to share with the offspring that had been given them. But it was rare that a woman utterly abandoned by nature and habit, as this woman evidently was, ever came to seek the aid of the orphan asylum. Old Miss Stiles, the matron, was not prudish nor easily frightened. She had, in her time, braved the most repulsive features of life; she had dealt with drunken men and crazy women; she had sorted out the filthiest of rags in the economy she had learned; and she had stood her ground firmly and faithfully when the cholera and small-pox had terrified those who were stronger than she. But she involuntarily kept as far as possible from the woman, whose hard features she distinguished by the hall lamp, and she asked her business while she kept one hand on the door-knob, with the purpose of showing her visitor out as soon as possible. She did not notice at first that the woman carried something tucked away under her shawl as she might carry a bundle of clothes. It was only when a little cry came from the bundle of clothes that Miss Stiles understood the nature of the call, and then she led the way promptly to the reception-room.

This was Jane Johnson's first introduction into the world—for such, said the hard-featured woman, was the child's name. Yes, she came to give her up. She knew the rules of the institution, and she was ready to surrender her and never look upon her face again. She said all this without a tear in her eye, and apparently without a regret or other feeling than that of relief when Miss Stiles at last took the thin-faced little thing into her arms. Miss Stiles was not accustomed to act without the full consent and approbation of the lady directresses; but here was a case that seemed to demand prompt decision. The night was a frightfully cold one, and the crisp snow on the ground would have been a

death-bed for the weak little thing that looked up into her eyes as if pleading for warmth and protection; for the woman who brought this diminutive specimen of humanity called Jane Johnson said, in a half-drunken kind of way, that she had had enough of the brat, that she had nothing to give her, no where to take her, and that she was going to leave her, anyway. Having delivered herself in this manner, both of her charge and of all she had to say, she prepared to depart. Miss Stiles was taken all aback at this unnatural want of interest, and it was only when she opened the great door of the front hall that she found expression for her feelings, and said: "Your child shall be cared for; I will take the responsibility of that. But as for *you*, do n't let me ever see your hard, drunken face again." The energetic slamming of the door at the last word was all that was necessary to give this short speech its proper emphasis.

Somehow or other, Miss Stiles was peculiarly drawn toward the little thing called Jane Johnson, which she picked up and carried to her own room. Perhaps it was because she felt how much this little Jane Johnson had been neglected and abused already, that she did not carry her to the great dormitory that night, but gave her a warm bath, wrapped her up in a blanket, and put a cup of new milk to her lips. Jane Johnson could not have attested her gratitude more forcibly than she did by drinking the last drop of milk in the cup, and then dropping off at once into a sleep, from which she did not awaken until she was prepared to give an additional proof of her gratitude by draining another cup of warm milk which Miss Stiles had already prepared for her the next morning. It was then that the matron discovered that Jane Johnson was plain only in name; that she had large blue eyes, with a pretty, soft light in them; light, brownish hair, with a tendency to curl; and that only a little more flesh was needed to cover the sharp bones, that



were now too prominent for their size, to make the new-comer the belle of the minims of the asylum. It was seldom that Miss Stiles was so much attracted to a new child, and she was heartily glad that she had decided to act without waiting to consult the lady directresses.

That day Jane Johnson was duly numbered 156, and assigned as comfortable a quarter in the great room with the little folks as there was. She was not of an age to express in words either her satisfaction or her dissatisfaction; but as she was soon engaged in animated exchange of compliments with a young gentleman of red face, about three years old, it was only natural to conclude that she had no particular regret for the life she had abandoned. But before Miss Stiles could communicate to the lady directresses the action she had taken in the case of Jane Johnson, otherwise No. 156, there was another development—No. 156 was vacated, and Jane Johnson had resumed her vagabond life. At least this conclusion was forced upon Miss Stiles; for when she visited the dormitory on the third morning after the reception of the bundle of clothes on New-Year's eve, no Jane Johnson was to be found. Strange as it may seem, it was still not an unusual circumstance that a child should be stolen from the orphan asylum; and when it happened neither the matron nor the lady directresses took any pains to discover the thief. They knew that there was but one person in the world who would commit so apparently foolish a theft as would entail the support of a young child—and this person was always the woman who, with a mother's concern for a child's welfare, had first sacrificed a mother's feelings and surrendered her offspring for all time, but in whom a mother's love afterwards overcame all other considerations with a desire to possess her own too strong to be resisted.

Yet Miss Stiles was bothered a good deal about the case of Jane Johnson.

She could scarcely make up her mind that the woman who had brought the child and surrendered it so heartlessly could wish to recover it; but there was only one thing to do, and this was to report to the lady directresses what had happened. The whole affair had been almost forgotten, and would have been entirely forgotten at the orphan asylum in a few days more, had not Miss Stiles received a note written in a cramped, uneven hand, which pleaded piteously that she should come at once to a certain place, in a neighborhood of which the good matron had only heard vaguely as being one of the lowest and most disreputable in the city. It was the final sentence of the note which determined Miss Stiles to go. It read: "This concerns Jane Johnson, the child that was brought to you on New-Year's eve, and stolen from you three days after."

Miss Stiles told the ragged boy who brought the note to wait for her a moment and she would go with him. The ragged boy did wait, and improved her short absence by stealing the morning newspaper, as the only thing in the room which he could carry off, and which he carefully folded under his coat and afterwards sold at a discount, because of the lateness of the hour in the morning. Miss Stiles little dreamed as she talked so pleasantly to the urchin in the horse-car on their way, and was answered so candidly, that he had deliberately robbed her of her one hour's comfort in the evening which she spent over the morning's paper. In fact, before they had reached their destination she had promised that she would always save for him the job of shovelling snow from the steps, which privilege he of course never came to claim.

At last, after leaving the car and walking half a dozen blocks, they reached the house, and Miss Stiles followed the boy up a rickety stairway over a saloon with a hideous sign of the "Crescent," and at every step she took there was a creaking and a groan—

ing in the wood that warned her it might be her last. Then the room was reached, and then the bed,—and such a room and such a bed!

Yes, it was the same woman who had brought the bundle of clothes, denominated Jane Johnson, on New-Year's eve, and there, by her side, lay the same Jane Johnson in the garments of No. 156. But what a change had come over the woman in those few weeks! The face was thin and pale, and all the hardness and drunkenness had left it.

"You are very good to come after seeing me once," she said as she took Miss Stiles's hand; "but I thought you would, and I am so glad—so glad!"

The woman spoke slowly and with difficulty, and little Jane Johnson was sobbing and crying as though her little heart would break, for she knew that there was something terrible happening, or about to happen, if she had n't the slightest idea what it was.

"I want you to take little Jane again," said the woman, as soon as she could recover strength enough to speak; "and I can safely promise never to steal her away again, because I shall be—dead—before you can take her back. Oh, you will take her, won't you? Tell me you will take her back!"

It would have required a good deal harder heart than Miss Stiles had to say "No" to the pleading that came from this dying woman's lips and eyes, and the matron concluded to act again without the consent of the lady directresses—and all on account of this little Jane Johnson! The woman sank back, entirely overcome, when she knew her purpose was accomplished, and each effort to breathe seemed as though it would be her last. But she roused herself once more.

"And tell her," the woman said, "when she gets old enough to understand, that her mother was a good and true woman. Never tell her I

was her mother; I am *not* her mother—remember that!"

Then the woman threw her arms about the little sobbing child at her side, and pressed it close to her. She never spoke again.

The ragged newsboy had stood by all this time, held there by curiosity, and perhaps a little awe—as much awe, at least, as a newsboy can feel. Miss Stiles took up little Jane Johnson, then folded the dead woman's arms and straightened her limbs, and asked the boy who there was to take care of the body.

"I dunno, unless it is the old 'ooman."

"And where is this person?"

"I'll go and fetch her." And presently he re-entered with a leering wretch in female garments, smoking a clay pipe and swearing that she "wa'n't going to be disturbed no more for a pulin' brat and its mother."

"The woman is dead," said Miss Stiles. "What was her name, and where did she belong?"

"She said as her name was Mrs. Smith; leastwise that's what we called her. She's only been here a few weeks, and I ain't sorry she won't be here no longer. When she wa'n't drunk, she was a-cryin' over that brat you got there. She was always bilked, and did n't make enough money to pay her board. I'd a' turned her out afore this, only the police'd been down on me for it. Now, if you takes interest enough to take the child and send somebody to bury *her*, I'll be much obliged to ye." Upon which the hag resumed her pipe and turned to go out.

Miss Stiles said she would send some one; and, hugging little Jane Johnson more closely to her, she left the house more rapidly than the creaking staircase justified. She did send some one, and the dead Mrs. Smith was buried with more haste than decency, not a soul remembering the outcast's grave. She took the child back to the asylum, when it again

expressed its gratitude in milk and sleep; and as she tucked it away in bed No. 156, she said to herself, "Well, the poor woman will never steal you again, whether she was your mother or not." And Miss Stiles was so much occupied with the day's adventure that she did not miss the newspaper which had been stolen from her.

## II.

This was how Jane Johnson's life began at two years of age; and it was n't much wonder, when she learned the circumstances, as she did afterwards, that she should look upon the romantic side and marvel who her parents were. Thus it was that, as a little girl, when she had begun to penetrate the depths of Wonderland and dream over the fairy-books she could spell out, she would relate how she was born in a grand palace, of parents rich and noble; how she was stolen away by a wicked fairy and doomed to misery and want for all the rest of her days; how a good fairy rescued her; how the wicked fairy was slain; how at last she should be restored to her noble parents, to the grand palace, to riches and jewels and lace, and how she should marry a handsome young prince, "live in peace, die in Greece," etc. It was this same origin in later years, when she had become more of a young lady, and read at odd ends the romances of Balzac and George Sand, that prompted her to communicate to her dearest friends that she knew her *real* name was n't Jane Johnson—hideous name that it was! and that she was sure her parents would be discovered, and that they would receive her into their arms as only so long-lost a daughter could be welcomed, and that she would have her *own* elegant house to entertain in. "Then," she would add to each one of her dearest friends, "you shall have your own special room, where nobody else shall ever sleep or enter." But Jane had

so many dearest friends, that if the apocryphal parents were ever discovered, and possessed anything less than a good-sized hotel for a residence, Jane would be obliged to decline the relationship, or else disappoint a great many of the "very dearest friends she had in the world."

The reader will have very naturally concluded that Jane Johnson did not remain all her life in the orphan asylum. It was not Miss Stiles's fault that she did not, but the rules of the institution would not permit anything of the kind, and the lady directresses expressed their surprise to the good matron a great many times that no one wanted to adopt that pretty little girl with the homely name. "Perhaps it is on account of the name," Miss Stiles would answer simply, and never say a word about the number of applications she had already received for this little girl, nor tell how she had persuaded them to take some other little girl who was evidently stronger and certainly had a prettier name. It was only when Jane Johnson had reached the mature age of eight years, and had already learned all that they could teach in the little primary school of the asylum, that Miss Stiles wished her favorite might be regularly adopted by some rich, kind lady who would give her a splendid education and make a real lady of her, as she knew Jane Johnson ought to be. It is by no means certain that this good-hearted old maid was not largely responsible for the romantic ideas which, as girl and woman, Jane Johnson indulged; for the matron's heart had in some way become so entangled with Jane's pretty curls and slender fingers and lisping words and sympathetic ways, that she could not tear it loose. Nobody in the asylum ever called Jane "No. 156," though many of the dirty-faced urchins were known mostly by numerical denominations; nobody thought of refusing anything in reason that Jane asked for—and the truth is that Jane was rarely unreasonable;

and it was Miss Stiles herself, sensible as she was about everything, who laid the foundation for Jane's future fairy story, and subsequent *chateaux en Espagne*. The good woman was weak enough, in nursing her own fondness for the child, to hint to the little body something about the mystery of her birth, and to tell her that some day she might find a good mother and a kind father. Though this plan could scarcely be recommended as an example for matrons of charitable institutions to follow generally, it certainly worked well in the case of Jane Johnson. The romance never did her much harm, and an ideal mother did her much good in the course of her life.

But one day a sudden change came over Miss Stiles, and as it was the day of the regular meeting of the lady directresses, she herself brought up the subject of Jane Johnson; and she asked each and all of them, as a special personal favor—and she had never asked a favor of them before—that they would look out for some good people, well-to-do in the world, who would adopt the little girl. "Jane is a fragile little thing," she said to them, "different from most of the children. She will never have a strong pair of arms for work, but she has bright, quick intelligence; she will learn readily, and be a comfort to any good woman who will take her as an own child, for the girl has a sweet disposition."

The lady directresses saw that Miss Stiles was deeply affected, and they all promised to see what could be done. The promise was so well kept that it was not more than a week before a lady came in company with one of the directresses, and asked to see Jane Johnson, though she said that she was by no means favorably impressed with the name. Jane was duly inspected, and the lady was very much pleased with her. Then she came again with her husband, and they were both very much pleased. Then they

made a formal application to adopt Jane Johnson, whereupon Miss Stiles made inquiries on her side. She found that there was n't the slightest possible objection to the people who wished to adopt her pet. They were rich and well-respected; the lady had, a couple of years before, lost a little girl of her own, taken off by the scarlet fever; and if Jane could but creep into this vacancy, she would indeed have a mother and a home. There was only one objection which Miss Stiles could find, and this was the unfortunate existence of an own son, some three years older than Jane—a circumstance which, in the matron's practical eye, was damaging to Jane's prospect; but everything else was so favorable that Miss Stiles overcame this objection in her own mind, and "No. 136" was vacated again. Whatever it was which brought so sudden a change in Miss Stiles's ideas as to induce her to seek a new home for Jane Johnson, it was certainly nothing that Jane herself had done, for the old lady nearly wept herself blind after Jane had gone at last, even though she knew that the little girl would come to see her often.

And so Jane Johnson became the adopted daughter, at the age of eight years and a little more, of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nichols, and the adopted sister of Sam. Nichols, Jr., aged eleven years, and a young man chiefly distinguished by bright red hair, on which account the schoolboys used to call him "Sunrise," and by an unconquerable fondness for playing base ball and tearing his clothes. Jane was already too old, and knew too much, ever to hope that she would entirely forget her early life, and it was concluded best not to change her name to Nichols; and, from a purely æsthetic point of view, there was really not much preference between Nichols and Johnson. So she was Jane Johnson still, and only an adopted daughter after all—a circumstance which was at least fortunate in not depriving her of her favorite fairy tale. It took Jane

some little time—certainly as much as a week—to get accustomed to her new home; but this was because she was already so old. But after two or three visits to Miss Stiles and the orphan children, and after becoming fairly acquainted with her new home, she found the large mansion and capacious grounds of Samuel Nichols, Esq., banker and broker, to be quite roomy enough to keep her, and she began to take an unconscious but quite earnest delight in the new dress and bright ribbons that were provided for her; in the picture-books, the piano, the ornaments, and the thousand and one things about a rich household that could charm a poor orphan girl who had never seen the like before. As for the old people, they watched the development of this interest and the growth of her happiness with a concern that made Mr. Nichols entirely forget to go to his lodge on Friday of the first week, and that rendered Mrs. Nichols equally oblivious to the sewing society which had been comfortably arranged for the same day and night for her special accommodation. It never would have entered into the head of little Jane Johnson to replace the dead daughter, for she had herself cried over the little ivory picture when Mrs. Nichols did; but it was not six months from the time of Jane's first entrance into the family circle that no child of their own could have been more to Mr. and Mrs. Nichols than Jane Johnson was.

Along at the first, Mr. Sam. Nichols, Jr., was inclined to look down upon his adopted sister with the peculiar contempt which young gentlemen of his age and habits entertain for little girls. But after one day when he had been knocked down by a hard ball which he had attempted to catch "on the fly," and when Jane nursed him and bathed his temples, he seemed to think more of her, and gave her the benefit of his spare hours from play, when he would permit her to read to him while he lay down. Still it was

only after vacation was over, and when he took her to school with him, that he began to appreciate her, and then probably because he became her special guardian and protector. It was when the boys wanted to carry home her books for her, or offered her their great coats when it was particularly cold, or saved a tit-bit from their lunches for her delectation, that Sam felt how pretty and good she was. But there is reason to believe that Sam never fully valued her at the proper figure until he had pummelled Ralph Rolingsbee one day, because Ralph had had the indiscretion to tell a companion in confidence that Jennie was his sweetheart, which confidence was immediately placed in possession of Sam, and by him so far abused as to wait for Ralph after school, when it took him only two minutes by his silver watch, held by an umpire, to make young Rolingsbee acknowledge precipitately that he had "Enough!" in fact, more than he wanted. This little misunderstanding led to a coldness between Sam and Jennie, which was settled by the former shaking hands with Ralph very vigorously a day or two afterwards.

The fact was that Ralph Rolingsbee and Jane Johnson had a secret fondness for each other; but it was resolved that Ralph must not be so communicative in the future. Ralph's young affections had been taken by storm by Jennie's brown curls and blue eyes, and when she came to translate to him her pet fairy tale into intelligible language, he swore to her, in quite an adolescent sort of way, that it should be the purpose of his life to find her father and mother for her, so that she might accommodate all her dear friends in her own house. Ralph was not the only young gentleman at school who had been similarly captured by Jane's blue eyes and brown curls; but the others never made quite so much progress, Jane having learned to be prudent, on account of her brother Sam's propensities for "lick-

ing boys in two minutes," and she was also drawn nearer to Ralph by reason of his pretty name. It is just possible that Jane used to write the name of "Mrs. Ralph Rolingsbee" with her slate pencil, at times when she ought to have been doing something else; but then it was so handsome in comparison with horrid, plain Jane Johnson.

### III.

It is rather fortunate that there is in the lives of most of us a hegira which completely breaks off childhood from maturity. Those who grow up without this intervening epoch, the blankness of which brings out in beautiful relief both the joys of youth and the responsibilities of life, are to be pitied. In such cases there is never, there cannot be, a just appreciation of either period. There is none of the delicious recollections that ought to attach themselves to childhood; neither is there that sense of duty which teaches that there is something to life besides the frivolities and gayeties of youth. The early pleasures are, otherwise, toned down by graver thoughts; or the later appreciation of life and its blessings is marred by something of the inanity which belongs to another age.

The hegira in Jane Johnson's unromantic life was of some years' duration. Ralph Rolingsbee had gone to the great college in Cambridge; Sam Nichols had entered a large banking establishment in New York city, to learn his father's business, with a view to taking control of it at some future time; old Miss Stiles had deserted her post at the orphan asylum only when she had concluded that she had done the best she could and the most she could, in the service, and had gone to the country to live with some relatives; Jane had developed into a handsome, and, more than this, a good young woman, had enjoyed the advantages of a superior education, was one of the

few young women, even in her "set," who appreciated Mendelssohn and Shakspeare without affecting Bach or Milton, and, though much courted, loved her home and her adopted parents.

It would show but a poor knowledge of human nature to suppose that Jane, even with her many accomplishments and her good sense, had altogether overcome her prejudice against the name of Jane Johnson, or had forgotten the romance of her beginning life at the age of two years, instead of at her birth, like most people. She would not have been a true woman if she had done all this. But neither did she forget how much happier her lot had been than that of almost every other one of the homeless and friendless orphans among whom she had spent her early years. She had not been drugged and left on the doorstep at the age of two weeks, to be trundled into a hard bed and brought up on a cold bottle, but had waited decorously until an age when she could thrive on cold milk and an occasional bit of nice rare steak. Her time of little colics, hooping-cough, and the measles, had been passed before she, or anybody else, knew anything about it; and when she did come to the orphan asylum, it was with brown curly hair, and bright blue eyes, and a pretty face that won for her the love of everybody who was brought in contact with her. She was not hustled off at the age of four or five years into a shoemaker's family, to divide with the last the unsteady blows of a half-drunk cobbler; nor was she ordered out at the age of seven or eight to do general housework, and particularly washing, for a small family of ten, who condescended to give as a recompense for this a straw-bed on the floor and a moderate allowance of cold victuals. Jane knew that all these things happened sometimes, and she was grateful for the kindness which she met with in a world that was all bright and beautiful to her. She did not neg-



lect to do all that she could for the orphans, in turn; for Mrs. Nichols was now a nominal directress, and Jane attended all the meetings for her and did all her work. But better than this practical service even, was the thoughtfulness which prompted her, once in a while, to make the little ones playthings, which are quite as essential to children as warm clothes; to spend an hour with them, telling them stories or playing the piano and improvising songs, to their infinite delight.

But, with all this consolation and gratitude, Jane never forgot altogether that there was a particular mystery about her life. She was glad she was not the child of the unfortunate, abandoned woman (for she had coaxed the whole story out of fond Miss Stiles); she had her ideal of a lovely and loving mother, and she even hoped that Jane Johnson was not her real name, after all. The thoughts gave her no particular uneasiness, never interfered with her appetite, and she was the last person in the world to pine. But they would be uppermost in her mind very often in a restless night or of a lazy morning.

This was about the mental condition of Jane Johnson, when Ralph Rolingsbee returned from college with Baccalaureate written all over his glowing face, but Sophomore still clinging to his speech and manner. The truth is that Ralph had not escaped from the romance of school-days so readily as Jane. The romance for him had never been of so deep a nature, but it was more kindred to his superficial character; and he had never cultivated *Cicero de Officiis* or Euclid to any such extent as to obliterate either one or the other of these qualities. When he renewed his suit, which had been begun in jackets, it somehow failed to meet the same response in Jane's bosom as when she had looked out as a child from under a poke bonnet. The young woman could not make out, however, to her own satisfaction,

whether her youthful pledges ought to be binding or not; and so, as most young women do under the circumstances, she dallied. She felt no positive attachment for Ralph, as in days gone by, but, on the other hand, there was no positive repulsion. The case was different, however, with Ralph. He seemed to look upon the intercourse as something which had been definitely settled many years since. So when, a few months after he had returned from college, and when he had made a showing of the study of law, in order the better to employ a rich and indulgent papa's allowance, he began to talk to Jane about *their* future life. At first, he was met with the old story of the parentage, and Jane was somewhat surprised to learn from him that he was already at work, or rather had employed a man, versed in heraldry, to investigate her ancestral antecedents, and that he was pretty confident the matter would be satisfactorily explained. But, somehow, even the interesting subject of her parentage failed to interest Jane just now. In her doubtful position, she did the best thing she could do under the circumstances,—she explained to Mrs. Nichols, as well as she could, the various features of the case, and her own feelings. Mrs. Nichols did the best thing she could do under the circumstances,—she explained the whole matter, as best she could, to Mr. Nichols. Mr. Nichols now did what he thought was the best thing he could do under the circumstances, and did it promptly. He told Jane one night, without any reference to the subject in hand, that he wanted her to pack up and be ready to go with him the next morning to make a visit to his farm in Michigan, at which Jane was delighted.

"And," he added incidentally, "do not say anything about it to young Rolingsbee, for we shall be back in a few days." Jane was not even sorry for this, for it would give her an opportunity to evade the issue for a time,—and which one of us ever fails to em-

brace such an opportunity in a matter of doubt?

So Jane and Mr. Nichols went to the farm in Michigan, and whiled away a few weeks in a most delightful manner, — the latter, in persuading himself that he knew all about scientific farming, much to the amusement of his tenant; and the former, in new experiences of the spelling-school, the quilting parties, the apple-parings, and the dozen jolly pastimes of unaffected rural existence. The results of the visit were mainly, that Mr. Nichols broke up all his farmer's best plans for the season, and that Jane turned the heads of half the country *beaux* of the neighborhood; but both did their work so innocently and unconsciously that they could n't be blamed much for it, and all the mischief was mended by the time the good folks had done talking of their visit.

When Jane and Mr. Nichols returned to the city home, the former had some misgivings about the manner in which Ralph Rolingsbee would receive this treatment, and was considerably surprised to find that this sentimental young man had gone to Europe during her absence; and she was even more surprised, some two months later, to receive a long letter from him, written in London, in which he freed her from all blame in the matter; but abused "Old Nichols" (as he called Jane's adopted father) roundly for the trick he had played him. Jane sought Mr. Nichols at once, for an explanation of the riddle.

"I do n't know exactly, my dear," was his quiet answer, as he laid down his paper and looked over his glasses; "but I have heard that somebody led this young Rolingsbee to believe that I had taken you off to Europe, in order to get you away from him. Nobody but a stupid and conceited ass like him—if you will allow the expression, Jane—would ever have believed it."

"Oh, how could you, Father Nichols!" exclaimed Jane; and she was evidently very indignant, for she threw

her arms about the old gentleman's neck and kissed him three times before she stopped.

Ralph's letter went on to say that, now he had crossed the sea, he would take advantage of the experience and skill of the English heraldry to find out whether Jane was descended from the Jonsons, the Johnstones, or the Johnsons; he also thought that he would run over to Paris for a while, and graciously told Jane that she might expect to hear from him very often. Jane followed Mr. Nichols' advice, and did not answer Ralph's letter; and, strange to say, she did not receive another letter from him. But this is frequently one of the results of a young man's going to Paris.

In the mean time, Sam. Nichols, Jr., now developed into a broad-shouldered, pleasant-faced man, with the same bright-red head, and looking more like "sunrise" than ever, but having abandoned base-ball for a healthy mixture of bank ledgers and horse-back exercise, returned to take charge of his father's business—the firm being now known as Samuel Nichols & Son, whose paper was good for almost anything to which the name was signed. It is impossible that the reader should not have divined already that Sam. Nichols, Jr., made love in a homely but hearty way to Jane Johnson; that Jane appreciated the great, big heart that was offered her, and, owing to Ralph's utter failure to write any more letters, accepted it. The reader is right and shall not be disappointed. Such was the case.

And Sam. Nichols, Jr., and Jane Johnson were duly married, and the horrid name was changed for one that Jane loved infinitely better, though it was n't a whit prettier. And it was Sam Nichols who discovered Jane Johnson's parents, and the very day of the marriage she received a certificate of deposit for \$30,000, which her father had left her before his death, and which she brought as a *dot* to her husband. It should be mentioned,

too, that the very day of the marriage Ralph Rolingsbee returned, and made a visit to the family. It may be imagined that the situation was an embarrassing one for Jane and Sam, and even Ralph was very nervous, though he had evidently not yet become aware of the marriage, so near at hand. Jane was on the point of telling him about it half a dozen times, but her heart failed her. Then she called Sam out of the room, and Sam was on the point of telling Ralph all about it quite as many times; but his courage oozed out at his great fingers' ends. At last, Ralph sprang up in a nervous, excitable, Frenchy way, and, approaching Jane, took her hand in his, and, looking down in compassion upon her, said:

"Jane, it may as well be told at first as at last. I have brought home with me a French — wife."

Whew! what a relief this was to everybody!

"Oh, I am so glad, Ralph," said Jane, unaffectedly. "You must bring your wife around to the reception to-night."

"Are you going to give a party, to-night?"

"Yes—that is—a kind of a party," said Jane, with some little embarrassment. "You have just come, or you would have received the cards, and known that—Sam and I are to be married to-night." And Sam blushed so much that it was impossible to tell where the face left off and the hair began.

And they came; and Ralph Rolingsbee's little French wife was delighted with the new people and customs she saw; and Sam and Jane took the regular 10 o'clock P. M. train for Niagara Falls, with the sublime delusion that there was nobody else in the world but them.

#### IV.

It may interest the reader to know how Sam Nichols discovered Jane's

parents, and whether their name was really Johnson. This is the way it was: Sam knew all about Jane's pet romance, and determined that it should be realized, if possible. To this end he went to see Miss Stiles, the old matron, who had settled down in the country to smack her gums and knit stockings, for the rest of her life. When Sam told her his object,—that he was going to marry Jane, and how much he wished to know, on her account, and not for himself, the old lady made a clean breast of it. The reason that she had, a good many years ago, so suddenly determined that Jane must leave the orphan asylum, was because she had received a visit from a drunken, boorish man, whose name was Johnson. There could n't be any doubt that this man was Jane's father, nor that the woman who gave the little thing up to Miss Stiles was Jane's mother. The man knew all the circumstances concerning the woman's death and the reception of the child into the orphan asylum, and he was evidently determined to make an ugly effort to regain the girl—for what purpose, God only knows. Miss Stiles succeeded in getting rid of him once, but she was afraid she could not do so again, and so she had hurried Jane off.

"I would never have parted with the dear girl, if it had n't been for that," added the good old lady; "but now I'm glad I did, because she has had, and always will have, a good home. Some months after Jane had gone to your mother's, in reading my paper in the evening, I came across a paragraph that announced the death, from *delirium tremens*, of this very man Johnson, in the same odious place, called the 'Crescent,' where I saw Jane's mother die. And though I can't understand it, my dear Mr. Nichols, there is no more chance to doubt that Jane Johnson is the child of two as hardened wretches as ever lived. Yet there must have been some redeeming feature about the woman,

too, when she could perjure herself on her very death-bed for the future comfort of the child. So, do n't ever break Jane's illusion about her mother, Mr. Nichols; she 'll make you none the worse wife for it."

And Sam did n't. He only took his father into his confidence, and this to such good purpose that the practical old gentleman revealed to Jane, just before the marriage, that both her father and her mother were his earliest friends; that her mother was an angel, and her father one of the best men he had ever known; that both were dead long since, but that he was the guardian of the fortune which they had left to their only child, and which now amounted to the respectable sum

of \$30,000; and, finally, that he had the honor of handing her a certificate of deposit for that amount. Her life in the orphan asylum, he told her, had been one of probation only, and she was all the better for it now. Whereupon the old gentleman kissed Jane very tenderly and left her to weep and dream over her dead, but new-found, parents.

If the reader could see Sam and Jane Nichols playing with their first boy—a fat-faced, chubby little rascal, who is sure to have red hair, and who breaks all his toys, much to his father's delight—he would not think either of them the worse for the deception.

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## THE "LABOR REFORM PARTY."

BY FREDERICK LOCKLEY.

THE Sixth Annual Congress of the National Labor Union, which held its sessions in Cincinnati last August, is interesting to the general reader as affording an expression of the opinions entertained by the great wages class on the social and political reforms necessary to insure a more equitable distribution of the rewards of industry, and to secure what has been pronounced the object of all civilized forms of society—the greatest happiness to the greatest number. Representatives from nearly all the States and Territories in the Union assembled together to discuss the evils inflicted upon society by false legislation, and to concert measures for the inauguration of a more favorable state of things. That the resolutions adopted and the arguments enforcing them were of a radical and even of a startling nature, need not surprise the reader; for these representatives of

the working-class had come together to repudiate all existing political parties, to denounce the selfishness of the moneyed power, and to protest against the one-sided spirit of our legislative assemblies who "lend themselves to the iniquitous attempts of Capital to defeat the just demands of Labor."

Before we proceed to an examination of the doings of this working-men's parliament, it would perhaps be well to ascertain what force they can bring to bear in reducing to action the changes they recommend and the resolutions they have adopted. Any exact statement of the number of trades-unions represented in this Congress cannot be given, but an approximate estimate can be arrived at which will sufficiently answer the purpose. In the Congress held in Philadelphia last year, there were about twenty trades represented,—the principal ones being the St. Crispins, with a

membership of 50,000; the Coal-miners, 38,000; the Machinists and Blacksmiths, 19,000; the Iron-moulders, 17,000; the Bricklayers, 15,000; the Printers, 14,000; the Plasterers, 12,000; and other smaller unions, whose membership ranged from 600 to 10,000 each. The subordinate unions numbered 1,640, with a membership of 183,000. This comprises but three-fifths of the constituency represented, as there were delegates from State labor councils, working-men's assemblies, etc., which claimed to represent at least 125,000 more. But only a small portion of the Labor power is comprised in the trades-unions. The agricultural class, composing one-third of the entire population, whichever way their sympathies may lead them, have as yet taken no part in the movement; and of the mechanical trades, not more than one-half the numbers belong to unions. But that the active co-operation of the non-members would be enlisted in any organized movement to shorten their hours of labor, to more evenly distribute the general gain, and advance their social standing, does not admit of a doubt. So, while we may regard the force comprised in the trades-unions as an effective army in the field, the rest of their fellow-laborers and the working farmers may be considered as the *landwehr* and the *landsturm* of the great producing class, to be brought up as reserves when party lines are drawn and the political strife is about to be waged.

The National Labor Union was established as an organization at its second annual session, held in Baltimore in August, 1866. It derived its inception from the affiliated national working-men's associations of Europe, and had for its avowed object the amelioration of the condition of the wages class. Under the influence of those powerful federative organizations of Europe, the machinery for a grand national labor movement in this country has been gradually elaborated; and it is interesting to observe how the

socialistic sentiment of Europe has progressively unfolded itself in our working-men's deliberations, until all narrow prejudice against sex, race, and color, has given way to the one controlling idea of the emancipation of the wages class. At the Chicago Congress, in 1867, mainly through the strong German influence brought to bear, the foreign and native elements coalesced in the formation of local, city, and State unions. In the New York Congress, held the following year, women were accepted as co-workers, and the narrow prejudices against color were heartily ignored. Women and colored representatives were admitted to take part in the proceedings. And in further pursuance of this unification of interest, the Cincinnati Congress adopted resolutions declaring the rights and interests of all useful industries to be identical, and cordially inviting all classes of laborers—common, agricultural, and skilled—to unite heartily in promoting the success of those measures which will secure the substantial welfare of the whole country.

And to accomplish this great work, it was determined to assume in their own hands the power which hitherto had been delegated to a class of politicians who have proved unfaithful to their trust, and organize a "National Reform party, based upon the principle of equal rights to all men—special privileges to none." The President of the National Labor Union, in his annual address, assures his hearers that no hopes can be based upon any change which will be effected by any party in power, since the Republicans "are carried along in the tide of corruption, whelming in its flood the people's heritage, and bestowing it by wholesale upon unscrupulous speculators—thus building up giant monopolies and rich and arrogant railroad corporations, and fostering and encouraging that legalized robbery of the people, the National Banking system." The opposition party he describes as

"the relics of a once powerful and arbitrary *clique*, who were cast out of office by an indignant people, and who are now anxiously waiting for time and opportunity to greedily seize what will be left of the spoils."

The President then gives a touching enumeration of "the evils growing out of this ruinous mode of legislation." After pointing out the vast resources of our country, "its rolling rivers, its inland seas, its forest-covered hills, and broad prairies, rich with Nature's gifts to man," he mentions the melancholy fact that "during last year, for four months, not less than 1,300,000 men walked the streets of our cities and large towns without employment; and now, in midsummer, hundreds of thousands are asking for work and cannot obtain it." He inquires — "What does this want of employment mean? It means that the nation loses two dollars for every day each man is unemployed. It means that want and misery have entered the homes of those who ought to be happy. It means that it is driving tens of thousands of children as beggars upon the streets, to press the cold snows of winter with naked feet. It means that want and hunger are driving the wife and daughter of the honest toiler to prostitution, and making thieves of the children of honest men, thus training thousands yearly for the penitentiary and the gallows." This suffering and misery, he shows, do not come because there is not enough to satisfy the wants of all. "For while the heart-broken widow," he states, "fans into life the dying embers of the hearth, ten thousand tons of coal crop out from the banks of the streams untouched." While the suffering poor ask vainly for bread, "the rich valley and hill-side, with the far-stretching prairie, are ever ready to reward labor with smiling fields of corn." The half-naked and shivering ask in agony for clothing to protect them from the winter storm, and "an answer is borne from the cotton-fields of the South, and the

plains where ten thousand flocks are pastured, 'Here is enough for all!'"

He then asks, what has past legislation done to avert these evils? "Has it reduced taxation? has it saved God's gift — the broad earth — for the humble settler? has it built up a ruined commerce? has it abolished the tariff on tea, coffee, and other necessities of life? I think you will bear me witness that in these vital duties, our legislators have been found wanting." He then proceeds to show what is the feeling in the minds of the working-men throughout the country. In all his travels from State to State, wherever he has mixed "with the great family of working-men," he has found "the same firmness of principle and fixed determination to hereafter adhere and support the principles of reform. It would be an idle task," he says, "to attempt to estimate the thousands of converts that have been made, while hundreds of thousands are murmuring against the infamy of the party in power and the imbecility and cowardice of the minority in Congress, who differ with them in name, but not on the great questions which concern the interests and prosperity of the working men and women of our land. If I mistake not the feelings of the masses, there have been sown the seeds of a political rebellion against the tyranny of a moneyed power, that will ere long sweep from the halls of legislation, both State and National, those recreant and corrupt men who seem to be ready and willing at all times to do the bidding of unscrupulous monopolists and land-sharks, and who are at all times ready to sacrifice the interest of the laboring-class for place and power."

The campaign in Massachusetts last year, where 14,000 votes were cast for the working-men's ticket, and which the North Adams Chinese experiment will largely increase this year, and the vote in New Hampshire, where a proper canvass could not be made for want of speakers and necessary funds



to pay the expenses of travel, point out to the President the necessity of devising some plan which will place more means at the command of the officers of the National Labor Union, and increase the number of actual workers in carrying out the reform which they propose to inaugurate. And this he believes can be done in no such efficient manner as to organize a distinct political party, to be known and styled as "The Labor Reform Party."

The address of the President was referred to a committee of six, five of whom approved the recommendation of organizing a distinct political party, and referred it to a special committee of one from every State and Territory represented in the Congress, to be appointed by the President.

In the deliberations of the Congress, which lasted through six days, the powers of the shrewdest minds were persistently taxed, to get resolutions before the meeting which should provide adequate remedies for our present class legislation. One resolution was unanimously adopted, appointing a permanent committee of five, to be selected by the Congress, who should constitute for the ensuing year an international bureau of labor and immigration, in accordance with the recommendation of the International Working-men's Congress, held at Basle, in Switzerland, last year. And to extend the usefulness of this committee and confirm their functions with the seal of executive authority, a resolution was adopted, declaring that "as labor is the foundation and cause of national prosperity, it is both the duty and interest of the Government to foster and protect it;" and that "its importance demands the creation of an executive department of the Government at Washington, to be denominated the Department of Labor, which shall aid in protecting it above all other interests."

"The anomalous condition of those who create the wealth of the country, in being more poorly clothed, domi-

ciled, and fed, than the class of non-producers," was discussed. In a series of resolutions, wealth was declared "the sole result of productive industry, and not in any sense a consequence of commercial enterprise;" and to prevent its undue accumulation in the hands of non-producers, a demand was made upon Congress for the repeal of all land-grants made to railroad companies by former legislation, and a universal limitation to eighty acres of individual property in land. State legislation was also recommended, that will cause, "at the death of each landholder, his landed estate to be divided in quantities, to each heir say eighty acres, and the remainder to be sold to landless persons, and the proceeds of the sale to be given to the heirs."

The subject of Land Reform was disposed of in the eighth resolution of the platform, which declared that "the public lands of the United States belong to the people, and shall not be sold to individuals nor granted to corporations, but shall be held as a sacred trust for the benefit of the people, and shall be granted free of cost to actual settlers only, in amounts not exceeding 160 acres." A substitute to this resolution was offered, declaring free homes and a sufficiency of soil to provide a subsistence for his family to be the inalienable heritage of every citizen, of which he can not be despoiled by his own act or the act of his agent; and the faithful preservation of this right is the only policy which can deliver society from the evils of pauperism, and avert the impending ruin of our republican form of government. As an amendment to the substitute, resolutions were offered declaring that each individual being born with a natural right to a portion of the earth's surface, on which to found a home, all laws which tend to alienate this right are at variance with our republican institutions; and that the granting of lands to railroad or other corporations, or the sale of land to any person

in a larger quantity than he can cultivate, must inevitably result in reducing the actual cultivators of any such tracts of land to a condition of vassalage, and in rendering them dependent upon the monopolists upon whom the lands are conferred. The resolutions appealed to every friend of justice and of republican institutions to oppose, with voice and vote, any disposal of the public lands whatever, except to actual settlers, and in quantities not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres.

A lengthy discussion ensued, which was of the utmost significance as showing the views entertained by the most intelligent of our Labor representatives on this most menacing development of European socialistic agitation — Land Reform.

As the views of the American working-class on the subject of land tenure are largely influenced by their fellow-laborers in Europe, it would perhaps be pertinent to our subject to briefly glance at the position held by the International Working-men's Association on this subject. During the session in Basle last September, the committee appointed to consider this important question reported two propositions — the first declaring that society has the right to abolish private property in land, and transfer it into common property; and the second pronouncing this transformation a necessity. Both of these propositions were adopted by the Association. When we remember that this Association is of English origin, being established at a meeting held in London in September, 1864, and that the misery of the British working-class is continually on the increase, notwithstanding the steady accumulation of wealth in that country, it is easy to understand that the efforts of the sufferers should be mainly directed against the perpetuation of the system of land monopoly which secures in the hands of a fraction of the population, constituting less than one thousandth part,\* the whole

landed property of England. From 1848 to 1864, although that period was marked by a vast extension of British industry and commerce, yet all through that country the great mass of working-men found themselves sinking to a lower social depth, in proportion as wealth was concentrating in the hands of their employers. Those who studied the situation became convinced that no improvements in machinery, no application of science to production, no extension of the means of communication, no new colonies, no emigration, no opening of markets, no free trade, not even all these causes combined, would be instrumental in relieving the misery of the operative class; but that, on the contrary, so long as the power of wealth was retained in a few hands, every addition made to the productive powers of the country would only increase the wealth of those who held control of industry, and crush to the earth, with a heavier superincumbent pressure, the great mass of the people who were really the source of wealth.

The right of inheritance, which was introduced in the Cincinnati Congress, and the limitation of which is favored by John Stuart Mill, was placed as a subject of deliberation with the General Council, sitting *en permanence* in London, and composed of working-men of the various European countries. A report was submitted by this body to the Congress in Basle, setting forth that the right of inheritance transfers to the heir the power which the testator wielded during his life — that of appropriating to himself, by means of his possessions, the product of other people's industry. Various suggestions were made for abrogating this right, which was condemned as involving the power of transmitting along with the possession of property the fruits of the labor of the many; but no recommendation was made for its complete abolition. This, however, was taken in hand by a committee appointed by the Congress, who sub-

\* The English landholders number 33,000.

mitted a report declaring that the right of inheritance ought to be completely abolished, and pronouncing this abolition an indispensable condition of the enfranchisement of labor. A number of the delegates, fearing that such proceedings would be denounced as revolutionary, agrarian, and socialistic, withheld their approval, and no decision upon the two reports was arrived at.

In this country the evils of land monopoly have assumed no such serious character; still the rapid absorption of our public domain is filling the minds of the working-class with uneasiness, and the main interest of the deliberations of the Cincinnati Congress was centred in the effort to abolish all monopoly in land.

A doubt will suggest itself to the minds of many readers, whether these associated working-men are pursuing the right course in resorting to politics as a remedy for the evils they suffer. Every right-minded man will admit that our social condition is of the rudest and most anarchic character,—wealth accumulating in the hands of a few individuals beyond all possibility of rational enjoyment, while countless thousands are suffering for the necessities of life; fields untilled, the mineral treasures of the earth untouched, and thousands of workmen idle in our streets, while one-half of our population are restricted in their consumption through their inability to gratify aught beyond their physical wants. To remedy these evils, the working-class propose a radical change in legislation—the repeal of our banking system, the modification of the revenue laws, the prohibition of Coolie importation, and the enactment of an eight-hour law. But would it not be well for these men to consider that, however important wise legislation may be to the interests of the country, its province is only to adjust our social relations, and never to create value? Jefferson sums up the whole province of legislation by the pithy declaration

that “the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest.” What we suffer from chiefly is the rule of *high prices*, a consequence of the scarcity of production. The working-class, in their combined efforts to limit a day’s work,\* to prevent Coolie labor, to shorten the hours of labor, and to impose arbitrary and restrictive rules upon their employers, are working more against the substantial interests of the country than the selfish politicians whose venality they denounce. The long array of evils so effectively presented by the address before referred to—mechanics unemployed, the poor suffering from want, and our jails and penitentiaries filled with the criminal,—are due not so much to false legislation as to the constantly recurring collisions between capital and labor. The prosperity of a people is mainly dependent upon their favorable social condition, and this is regulated by the proportion of supply to demand. If our facilities of production are neutralized by the enforced idleness of a large proportion of the producing class; if a day’s work is limited to one-half its proper amount, and useful laborers who seek our shores are restrained from working, from the narrow and mistaken idea that they will render wages and products too low-priced, the result will be a general scarcity of the articles of consumption and a consequent enhancement of the cost of living. It would seem that we possess in this country the means of producing natural and manufactured articles alike at a smallness of cost with which not the Belgian, nor the Swiss, nor the Asiatic even, can compete. Let us enunciate a few of our advantages: We have first a hardy, an enterprising, and an intelligent population, with whom labor is held in honor, and who are influ-

\* The master masons at a meeting in New York in 1868, declared that before the war, when wages were \$2.50 a day, laying 2,000 bricks was regarded as a day’s work. At that time wages were \$5.00 a day, and the Union restricted a day’s work to laying 1,000 bricks.

enced with a prevailing devotion to the useful arts. Our country is unlimited in extent, our climate unsurpassed in salubrity, our soil inexhaustibly fruitful, and our mineral treasures past finding out. By the achievements of science we are able to indefinitely extend our capacity of production; and we believe it is no exaggeration to say that, were our social friction removed, the aggregate amount of our manufactures could be quadrupled without the least danger of excess. Woman, too, awaking to a sense of independence, demands an extended sphere for her useful industry. And we have a tide of emigration pouring in upon our shores from east and west, supplying us with countless thousands of industrious producers whose rearing and education have been no cost to us. With such unexampled sources of wealth-creating industry, does it not convict our social system of utter inefficiency that we should be in no better condition than we are to-day?

This combined effort of the working-class to procure an amelioration of their condition is one with which all must sympathize. No intelligent man can be willing to devote his life to an unceasing round of labor, and find his higher aspirations a mere mockery from his inability to indulge them, and his domestic life robbed of all enjoyment from a ceaseless struggle with poverty. They seek emancipation from the tyranny of an employer; they ask an award for their industry that will enable them to support their families in decency; and they demand some needful rest that they may, to use the language of an accomplished socialist, "attain the spiritual harmony and culture which are the common birthright of man."

And to attain this great boon, "high wages," and oppose a power to their employers which shall enable them to resist their aggressions, the great mass of working-men have associated themselves together in trades-unions. Unquestionably this is a step in the

right direction. It is unity instead of isolation. It is the subordination of individual interests to those of a whole class, and gives a power to the solitary workman which enables him to make a fair bargain with his powerful employer. At his back stands the moral force of thousands of his fellows, which is pledged at any moment to vindicate his rights and enforce equitable dealings between capital and labor. But the evils inherent in these combinations more than neutralize the good they effect. Their whole course is influenced by class prejudice. They give up to party what was meant for mankind. There is a selfishness in their legislation which defeats their dearest objects, because they array themselves in hostility to society—to the great consuming public—instead of regarding the interest of the whole community as identical. Like the states of ancient Greece, they are not willing to combine themselves in one national solidarity, but waste their forces and work their own injury by waging a constant internecine strife.

An intelligent British writer remarks: "The ideas of working-men on political economy are at once singularly misty, obstinate, and shallow; naturally enough, however, and by no fault of theirs." We all know how severe is the penalty men pay for ignorance. Assuming the consumption of a community to be a fixed quantity, the constant efforts of the working-class are devoted to deriving the largest return possible from supplying the general demand; and to accomplish this object they impose arbitrary restrictions upon the capacity of production, they oppose *vi et armis* the introduction of Chinese, they restrict the number of apprentices, and complain that "the American market is being flooded with manufactures produced by the cheap labor of foreign countries." The effects of this repressive policy are traced by the President of the National Labor Union (in his remarks before quoted), who mistakenly

charges them upon false legislation. But if the class in whose interest he speaks could only learn that their welfare is best promoted by low prices, and that every addition to our facility of production is met by a corresponding increase of demand, they would see that not in political agitation but in social and industrial harmony is the improved condition they are striving after to be obtained. They, as producers, seek employment for their industry; we, as consumers, desire the largest share possible of useful products. In this way the interest of producer and consumer is identical. But from a feeling of class antagonism—for which the presence of such social excrescences in our civilization, as the employer, the landlord, and the retail tradesman are mainly responsible—the working-man holds to the belief that in a scarce market he can sell his industry to greater advantage. Hence, as we have shown, all his efforts are devoted to imposing arbitrary restrictions upon our means of producing, and to bringing about a general condition of scarcity in order to secure high wages.

This works against the general interest like a two-edged sword. As a people, we produce less value. The high rate of prices ruling confines our consumption to articles of prime necessity; the demand for labor falls off, and thousands of mechanics are idle in our streets. It also fosters monopoly. The capitalist, finding himself unable to compete with the foreign manufacturer, appeals to Congress for protection against the cheaply made foreign goods thrown upon our shores. Thus the present pernicious system of legislation is justified, which is at war with the whole tendency of the age; and thus the painful anomaly is created of foreign goods being shut out from our reach, and the domestic workman refusing to employ his industry because we are unwilling to pay the inordinate price he sets upon his labor.

Let us devote a brief space to the examination of *high wages*. When a man gives a week's labor to his employer for so many dollars, does he consider the few depreciated promises to pay which he receives on Saturday evening a full equivalent for his industry? He contributes his labor to society, that he may have a share of the labor of others. He will plane boards or lay bricks, if others will grow corn and weave cloth and mine coals in return. The greenbacks which his employer pays him only represent the useful articles he requires for his support. Now, what he wants is the necessities and comforts of life—not nominal values. Price is a mere incident which requires re-adjustment to every change in our social condition. In Smyrna twenty-five cents will buy a bushel of oranges; with the same scale of prices prevailing in this country for the articles we produce, seventy cents a day—the Coolies' deprecated rate of remuneration—would possess a greater purchasing power than four dollars a day at the present time. High wages, then, *per se*, are not the working-man's great boon, but such an unrestricted application of our powers of production that enough may be brought within the reach of all. Could this fact be understood, that the general prosperity is measured by the aggregate production, and that the happiness of all is based upon individual well-being, each man would be willing to render faithful service for the benefits he derives from society. Social friction would be removed. Identity of interest would replace antagonism of interest. We should all work together instead of pulling against each other. Trades-unions, instead of devoting their funds to support strikes, would then apply their surplus capital to founding schools of art, and inspiring in the minds of their members a higher tone, and a disposition to excel in mechanical and artistic attainment.

But we must take human nature as we find it. Advanced thinkers may show the working-class that the wages system, which enables one man to acquire enormous wealth at the cost of thousands of his fellows; that our clumsy and inefficient machinery for the distribution of commodities, unnecessarily enhances prices and fosters a class of non-producers, the burden of whose support falls upon the shoulders of those who create value; and that the extravagant habits of our mechanics do more to impoverish their

condition than all the class legislation which they so vehemently denounce. But, taking their cue from the agitators of Europe, they run to politics as the great reforming agency; and inasmuch as they have the numerical superiority and are unquestionably in earnest in the course they have adopted, it is reasonable to expect that important results will be produced by the machinery they are now perfecting: and let us hope that their labors will not be unattended with good

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## TWO ONLY SONS.

BY MR. SOCRATES HYACINTH.

UPON the bank of the Beautiful River, in Ohio, there dwelt two neighbors, of whose children we have somewhat to chronicle. Farmer Polney was a hard-working, God-fearing man; but Mr. Baywood lived in an old-time generous ease, on his earlier hoard. His house stood close beside the lordly river, surrounded by a smirk white fence, with flowers and walks and stately balsams; but Farmer Polney's house was far back amid his fields, and had a hard and naked appearance, surrounded by a lichened fence and by a little neglected shrubbery, which was frequently nibbled by the calves.

These two neighbors had each a son and a daughter, their only offspring; and the two families, being the most prominent in the little isolated neighborhood fenced in by the river hills, led off in all the momentous school-meetings and the various solemn conclaves and weighty businesses of the district. They contrived, by strict economy and by having the teacher "board round," to maintain a school

three months in summer and three in winter; and twice a year there was considerable hubbub in the little humdrum district, and much riding up and down of prospective school-mistresses on wheezy, old, stiff-necked plough-horses, on side-saddles that were certain to turn over. Sometimes they came to see Farmer Polney,—but oftener Mr. Baywood, because he was never away in the fields; but it was always Farmer Polney's horses which had to go after the school-mistresses and take them home on Saturdays, and it was always little white-headed Sargent Polney who had to go with them and ride behind. And invariably, when they ascended a steep hill, the girth would burst, and he would slip off behind over the horse's tail, and the saddle and school-mistress would fall on top of him.

Harry Baywood and he were always together, as absolutely supplementary and indispensable to each other as the tangent to the cosine. In the weekly spelling-schools, on long winter evenings, they two and Jolie Baywood were



the last to be "spelled down." Harry was never content unless he had Sargent at his house; and the latter was so fond of little Jolie that he came very often, and invariably overstayed the hour appointed by his father. Farmer Polney's library was small, and contained principally such solemn and ponderous volumes as Drelincourt "On Death," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and the like; while Mr. Baywood's book-case was larger, reaching, in its grandeur of rich old walnut carvings and gilded tomes, all the way from the floor to the ceiling, and containing many interesting stories. But Harry would always drag Sargent away, and whisk him off out doors, to watch his saw-mills for sawing rotten wood, his wind-mills, and all manner of automations and moving gimcracks. He was a merry and lively boy, caring nothing for girls, dogs, and cats, except to tease them, hang them by the neck, or explode crackers in their ears. He was captain of all the school battles, but he could do nothing without Sargent for his swift-footed lieutenant. He organized all games on the skating-pond, and all snowballing combats; but Sargent always contrived to make his duties to his captain so elastic as to allow him to push Jolie's sled, or stand by her side when the snowball battle waxed most furious. He could not have told why it was if he had puzzled for a week, but it was nevertheless an indisputable fact that he never could play "blindman" without catching Jolie first; and it was also as certain that she was offended if he did not catch her first, though she would give him the utmost possible trouble.

The school-mistresses were generally selected from among the poorer "hill-folks"; hence these two boys soon got beyond their depth, and "knew more than the mistress." They graduated across the river, into the pretentious three-story brick "college;" but still they were inseparable, crossing always in the same skiff,

learning the same Latin lessons from Bullion's Grammar.

But now at last they were obliged to separate. Harry Baywood conceived a rooted disgust for Latin, and aspired to a steamboat; but Sargent Polney rather liked algebra, and had a vague fancy for civil engineering,—though he had once, after being profoundly impressed with the blare of trumpets from a menagerie chariot, registered a solemn promise in chalk upon his father's work-bench that he would devote his life to a menagerie. Harry was too modest for a Western steamboat captain, that pearl of all gentlemen; too modest to grapple with the rude insolence of the boiler-deck—though he had that native nobility, that eloquence of mere motion, of manner, of voice, which made him the companion of old men and the envy of the younger. His administration was thrifty; his partner was severity; he was rapidly getting the ascendancy in the business, and becoming one of the foremost men in all that little village.

As for Sargent, he suddenly fell away from the binomial theorem to the cornfield. His father had conquered his way up from poverty by hard knocks, and he still kept a strong grip upon the farm, allowing no operation, however minute, to escape his direction; but he was resolved that his boy must begin to prepare himself to stand presently in his stead. It was well enough for him to go to school until he attained the "rule of three"—but when he began to gabble algebra and quotations from *Caesar*, the farmer shook his head. He gave him problems to find the number of acres in a certain field; he interested him in adding or subtracting or multiplying crops of wheat. He gave him sole and exclusive proprietorship in sheep and a yoke of oxen; he induced him to clear away the forest on a hillside and plant an orchard. But the orchard grew to brambles, and the chipmunks nibbled away all the ap-

ples. The boy would carry out his "Paradise Lost"—the only readable book he could find—and leave it at the end of a row, and when he ploughed a round he would snatch it up and commit two or three verses. While he was repeating them on another round, he would let the plough gouge out a cornhill, whereupon he would most unjustly castigate the faithful old horse, and an alarming dancing about and destruction of maize would result. He named his young oxen "Noun" and "Verb;" but they recognized no such outlandish and opprobrious names, and accordingly ran away, and became unyoked, and one violently extracted the other's tail, to which it had been most injudiciously attached. In trying to add some verses of Milton to the stock he had already memorized, while cutting maize in the field, he would grievously hack his shins. In the long winter evenings he would sit by the kitchen stove, to escape the contagious and agreeable tattle of the sitting-room, crooning over his Milton or his Latin grammar; but, after the day's fatigues, he would nod in spite of himself, and then thump his head in disgust.

His father, with the old habit of authority strong upon him, and impatient of any blundering in his sight, sought to direct the boy's doings, even in his own little crops, and in the most minute particulars, where he should have let him stumble along and learn for himself. The youth's slowly-growing sense of independence would sometimes assert itself in tempestuous phrase, which he would afterward bitterly regret.

Thus he was gradually acquiring a rooted repugnance toward the farm, and groped blindly along, not knowing whither. His old thirst for knowledge increased, and he often pleaded with his father for permission to go to college, and wept in secret over his hopeless ignorance, and cursed his sleepy stupidity. He received frequent letters from Harry, written in elegant

commercial calligraphy; but his replies he was obliged to send in the accursed scrawl of the district-school, made with oak-ball ink which dried into an unhealthy yellow color. Harry was exceedingly prosperous; he was adding to his bank-account many hundreds every year—more than the whole Polney farm produced; he had dined and ridden out with the mayor, and had even been introduced to the governor; he was sole proprietor and captain of the "Viola," and thirteen men gave obedience to his behests.

But Sargent envied him none of these things, for he knew him to be worthy; but it caused him to chafe more and more at the plough-tail. Jolie was gone away now to a fashionable boarding-school, and he saw her very seldom. He thought she was acquiring high notions, and cared nothing for him, a clumsy clown of the farm,—and, whether she did or not, he determined to think she did not, and avoided seeing her; in all of which he judged her very foolishly and unjustly. His sister, Jane, had grown into a pretty farmer's daughter, with soft brown eyes and brown hair, and a very affectionate nature; and she often wept and wondered at her brother's stormy discontent, and would seek in vain to cheer him with her innocent prattle. She pleaded for him with their father. She magnified his gifts, which to her eyes seemed wonderful. She told him with amazement how he would stride up and down the room, now repeating Webster or Milton, and now fuming over his enforced ignorance.

At last his father gave his consent. But he still believed he could make a farmer of the boy,—so he agreed to send him on condition that, during vacation, he should come home and buckle to the farm-work. His outfit was purchased and made up, even to the checkered trowsers through which he jumped every morning about four inches too far, and the little caraway-seed silk handkerchiefs. At last the

great and eventful morning arrived. In his characteristic way, the farmer worked and tinkered about a thousand things, till the very smoke of the steamboat was in sight, and Sargent and his sister were distracted, for he had not yet received even the money for his expenses. But they reached the river in season. The boy shook hands round the little circle of the farm inhabitants, then walked aboard, with his heart in his mouth, and stepping very high and awkwardly on the tattering plank. The boat backed off, and then steamed grandly up past the landing, while the handkerchiefs fluttered and the farmer waved his hat; but as soon as the steamer was behind a tree, he turned away, and with his hard broad hand dashed aside a falling tear. Ah! if the boy could have witnessed that act, he would have known and loved his taciturn father better.

This brief story cannot follow him through all his college career. The black and gusty clouds of war came up; Fort Sumter was assaulted and captured, and a nation was delirious with passion and frenzied patriotism. Hard upon the heels of this news came the announcement that Washington was taken, that the rebel banner flaunted in triumph above the White House, and that all the members of the Administration were prisoners. It was Sunday morning, and the chapel was thronged. The grand old Chancellor entered, and there fell upon the stormy multitude a great silence. He opened the Bible on the desk, he closed it again; then he strode up and down the long estrade, with his head dropped, apparently unconscious of the very existence of Bible or of students. Then he stopped suddenly, turned to his audience, and, gazing abstractedly far away over their heads, as if he beheld the bloody streets of Washington itself, said slowly as if dreaming:

"So, young gentlemen, some twenty millions of us are without a government to-day!"

Then he paused, lifted up his clenched right hand, and with a strong swift gesture, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, but thrilling in the greatness of its energy, exclaimed:

"But I think we know how to find it again!"

Never since the swift and burning rhetoric of Peter the Hermit summoned fanatic Christians to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, has human eloquence wrought more magically than did these words upon those impassioned youthful souls. They rushed away to a mass-meeting; and the Sabbath quiet of the strict old Puritan town was profaned by the "ear-piercing fife" and the drum, where ten thousand men surged against ten thousand more. Five student companies were organized; and, had not the rumor of the capture of Washington been contradicted, Monday morning had seen the university depopulated.

The farmer's son wrote home for permission to enlist for actual service. He received the following laconic reply:

"You are my only son, and I cannot consent. I shall contribute to the volunteer fund according to my means, and send a special substitute. If you enlist without my consent, I shall follow you up and join the same regiment."

Could any answer have stopped him more effectually? He intended to enlist without permission, if he could not get it; but to think of his gray-haired father carrying a musket beside him!

Meantime, in a far-distant camp, his schoolboy friend is in the full progress of the militia drill. A soldier in the ranks as yet, his experiences are amusing, if not peculiar. "Get into two rows, you fellers, and come out here endways, the way you did yesterday!" They jumble, they jiggle, they hobble along higgledy piggledy, in a kind of absurd Shaker dance, galling their ribs and decorticating their shins at a frightful rate. One gets his legs

tangled together and tumbles down in the middle. Harry fortified his ankles with a pair of heavy boots, and bided his time. When at last the poor fellows, by their miserable preparation, had been made meet "food for powder," and were about to start to the front, he was elected Lieutenant. Every day made him more and more beloved by his comrades. He was modest, and frequently blundered in giving orders; but he never was too busy in his tent to listen to the humblest man in the company, and, when there was no tent, cheerfully slept amidst his men, and not aloof, as if he were a superior intelligence. When the wagons were off, he might have been seen marching the livelong day taciturnly beside his column, with his sword on his shoulder, and at night dependent on one of his men for half his blanket.

The farmer's son came home for his first annual vacation. Obedient to his promise, he laid aside his gown and arrayed himself for the cornfield. What was his dismay to meet Jolie, for the first time in many months, while ignominiously habited in indigo-blue trowsers, much too short, and an immense chip-hat. He sidled around awkwardly, as if trying to get out of sight; but Jolie was very gracious, and, in the kindness of her heart, noticed nothing. At this he was greatly encouraged. He began to be a frequent inmate of Mr. Baywood's fine old-fashioned parlor, and about dusk on summer evenings he might have been seen walking rapidly up the clean gravel walk, stepping very lightly and looking sheepishly about, greatly distressed at the unusual and gratuitous loudness of the crunching in the gravel. In some mysterious manner unknown to him—probably from his sister—she had learned that the sight of a very little white apron was most agreeable to his eyes; and she never failed to appear in that particular apron. Mr. and Mrs. Baywood, anxious to assure him, would remain

a few moments in the parlor, monopolizing the conversation, then presently retire, to his great consternation, compelling him to propose a resort to chess—that great refuge of bashful lovers. O ye kindly cavalcade of kings and queens and knights and bishops, in your snowy or sable robes! blessed ministrations are yours. How often do ye purposely entangle yourselves together, so that the fingers which move you touch the fingers of the beloved, and are thrilled with a dear electricity! How conveniently stupid ye are, and how ingeniously absurd are the moves ye make, not to spoil her sweet little silly game!

And as times and vacations came and went, and he never got any farther along than chess-playing, he was profoundly in despair. The match-makers lost their patience. It threatened to be a courtship as interminable as that of poor Lilly Dale, who is dragged through two whole volumes, and finds herself an old maid at last.

One evening they were voyaging down the Ohio on a queenly steamer, and by some unexplainable chance they found themselves sitting alone together on the hurricane deck. Smooth and still the Beautiful River lay on either side, and far back behind they could see the graceful hair-line waves widen out from the steamer's wake, chase each other across the starlight patches, and fade silently away on the great sombre bosom of the river. Right beneath them the mighty wheel, in its slow and laboring revolutions, clawed and thumped and mauled the waters in the darkness, till they glistened and whitened the black night. It was a scene highly unpetetical, but the very swish and thudding of the waters conveniently tempered his voice, so that it did not frighten him as on ordinary occasions. Suddenly there came to him a great and indomitable resolution to say it.

"Jolie,"—then he was seized with an unimaginable terror, and looked up into the sky: "the stars are very bright to-night."

"Yes; do you see these double stars, one red and the other green?" She pointed to them.

"Do you think they are really — I mean, why do you suppose one is red and the other green?"

"Our old astronomy, I believe, says they are — what is it? — supplementary to each other. Now, is n't that the word? You have n't any right to laugh at me if you wo n't correct me."

"I did n't laugh at you." This was a highly superfluous assertion on his part, though the lamentable grimace of distress which at that moment pervaded his countenance, if it could have been seen, would have moved the laughter of devils.

"That word means they are necessary to each other — does n't it?"

"Jolie, I was going to say — yes, it means that; — necessary." Then, by a prodigious effort of will, he ventured to take her hand. "Take care, Jolie! upon my word, you will fall over on the wheel."

"Oh, I have n't the least fear of that so long as you hold my hand! You were about to say something." She looked toward him with a sweet, inviting smile, but he was looking the other way; so it was lost in the darkness, as so many others had been before.

A pause. Just then a great shower of sparks came out of the flues, and floated in a long and splendid sheet above their heads. It was as if ten thousand solar systems had been ground to powder and blown in red-hot dust athwart the heavens.

"Ah, that spark! let me brush it off."

After he had brushed it off he was alarmed to find his arm almost encircling her neck, and he drew it away very quickly.

"Oh, I shall be burnt up here! I do believe there's another spark on my shoulder. Pray, do look!"

Shrugging her shoulders to get away from the imaginary spark, she leaned over quite near him. He rose up to look.

Oh, you poor, stupid Philistine! Why, anybody could have put his arm round there then, and found another spark. But you could n't! Oh fie!

A long pause.

It clouded over at last, and began slowly to rain. Sargent hastened below, and returned with an umbrella, which he spread, for he was not yet ready to abandon hope.

"I have often wondered," began Jolie, slowly and thoughtfully, but with volumes of hidden meaning in her tones, "I have often wondered how any one person could own an umbrella with a good conscience."

"How so?"

"Why, hold it as one will, there is a great yawning void on one side, so suggestive. One alone under an umbrella looks so selfish!"

He drew a quick breath, and felt he was almost going.

"I was just thinking — I was about — there! did you hear that plunge? Somebody must have fallen over the guards."

He ran to the edge of the deck, and peered down into the dark, surging waters. It was only a log, bumping along on the hull.

It began now to rain hard, and they went below and separated for the night, both of them well-nigh in despair. After all, he did n't say it.

He now went back to commence his senior year. How the Lieutenant gets on in the army, meantime, may be learned from this letter to his old schoolmate:

"I have lately been promoted to be Captain, and I will tell you how it came about. Our regiment had been five days on the skirmish line; and, by one of those blunders which happen so often that the men are about disheartened, when our supports were withdrawn we were not notified, and we were left afloat, you might say, in the Confederacy. We were two days without rations, waiting for orders, and our Colonel at last took the responsibility of ordering us to fall back in the

morning. Here again was a blunder (I would not speak thus of my superior officers to any one but you, for it is a relief to be able to speak my mind freely once in a while), for we should have done it under cover of darkness. We simply rose up from our little pits, and ran helter-skelter back to the first line of works. The Captain was the only man hit, falling in a little hollow. He lay only a biscuit-toss from the works, but the interval was raked by a galling fire, in which no man could live. He was safe where he lay, and he feebly waved his arms, begging for water. We flung canteen after canteen, but none of them reached him, and the rebel sharpshooters even bored some of them through. Then I called for volunteers, and four of us rolled a huge log ahead of us, and succeeded in reaching the Captain. But to come backward was the pinch. We contrived to get back safe, however, after an hour's hard work; but at the very last moment of success, when we were lifting the poor fellow over the works, a bullet pierced him through the heart."

Another vacation beheld Sargent at work on the farm again. He was revolving plans for the prosecution of his suit beyond the limit of chess-playing. There came to him a happy inspiration. He would summon the aid of the Muses; not his own, but those of the "bards sublime." He made a pretext of pressing agricultural business to visit the rarest book-store, wherein he made himself the happy possessor of a sumptuous copy of Tennyson, in which he remembered a passage suitable to his needs. He hauled it triumphantly home in his huge wagon. He conveyed it joyfully into his chamber; and that evening he searched out the passage, marked it, and inserted a book-mark between the leaves.

Now, it happened that the affairs of his father's household were administered by a good motherly aunt who, possessed, perhaps, more than the

usual modicum of feminine curiosity. Next day she spied the book, was attracted by its gorgeous binding, and scarcely less by the book-mark, which she took out to admire. Then she naturally fell to reading, cursorily, here and there, turning over several pages, and marking another passage that pleased her, when she suddenly recollected that it was nearly dinner-time, whipped in the mark, laid by the book and went bustling away.

That evening Sargent carried the book with him, to present it to her for whom it was intended. They played chess, as usual, and with a zest not at all impaired by the goblets of sound and mellow cider which the servant brought. Jolie played so well that the book was entirely forgotten until he was going away. Then he reached awkwardly round and extracted the volume from his coat-tail, and thrust it at her, mumbling some inarticulate words, and was at the bottom of the great stone steps before she could return thanks.

She tripped away up-stairs, half-sadly, wondering if anything more would come of this present than of the numerous others; set the lamp down; looked admiringly at the book, the frontispiece, etc., and read a snatch. Ah! a mark. She hoped there might be a note. No—nothing whatever. Ah! yes, a passage very dimly marked. Her heart gave a wild throb while she read:

"I have played with her when a child;  
She remembers it now we meet.  
Ah! well, well, well, I may be beguiled  
By some coquettish deceit.  
Yet if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seemed,  
And her smile had all that I dreamed,  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet."

She flung the book angrily on the sofa, and commenced pacing the floor.

"Well, I'm sure he needn't have given himself so much trouble to tell me that. 'A cheat,' am I? Oh, yes; Captain Hayes rode out with me once, to be sure. To call me 'a cheat' for



that! So dim, too! He did n't dare mark it plain."

Then she threw herself on the sofa again, buried her face in her hands, and wept bitter tears—not of anger now, but of sorrow. A long time she remained thus; then she arose and gathered together all his presents, and commenced, very slowly, very wearily, very sadly, to make them into a package. She lingered long, never hesitating in her purpose, but stopping often—ah! how often!—because she could no longer see through her tears. Before it was finished, the first faint streak of daylight straggled into her chamber window.

In the morning the servant-girl carried it to the farm-house, and Sargent being near by, ploughing in the field, she took it out and gave it into his hands. He opened it, and then sat down on his plough-beam and rested his forehead on his hands in his voiceless grief. Long after the girl had crossed the last field and entered her mistress's door, he quietly dropped the package beside his plough, spoke to his horses, and one long, smooth furrow hid it from his sight forever.

At the news that the Captain was wounded so dangerously that he could not be removed from the field-hospital, Jolie nobly rallied from her sick bed and hastened to his side, while Sargent went away to his classes.

We behold her sitting now, silent and sad, by the pallet of leaves and branches where her brother catches his quick and painful breath. He is sleeping for the first time in many days. The long hospital-tent is crowded with the wounded and dying, whose faces the wan glimmer of the candle lights up with the ghastly, waxy pallor of death. The attendants move noiselessly to and fro, speaking in ghostly hollow whispers, most rasping to the lacerated nerves; they lave the burning foreheads; they smooth the dank and bloody locks of the dead. The hot and breathless stillness is broken only by feeble moans, where

some gallant fellow, in his last agony, fights his battles again. He struggles in the frantic surging of the charge; he feels the cold bayonet creeping again toward his heart; he sees his brave comrades fall around him, and their hot blood spurt again across his face. They reel backward, broken and beaten down and trampled upon by ten thousand yelling demons, and a frown passes over his face. Now he sees the reinforcements; he feebly swings his arms; he cries out, "Steady, boys, steady! they are coming!" But for him they come no more forever. The Angel of Death soars on his dark wing above him, and his pallid face is still.

Awakened by this noise, the Captain beheld his sister bending sleeplessly above him. He smiled, and feebly reached out his poor bloodless hand, already growing cold.

"Jolie dear," he whispered, "tell me now, before I die, what has passed between you and Sargent, that you are estranged?"

"Ah! my brother——" She covered her face with her hand and buried it in his pillow.

"I did not think to give you pain, Jolie."

For a moment no reply; then, fearing lest, in his dying hour, her brother should think aught less of his beloved friend, she made a great effort, and said, very calmly and in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

"It was I, Harry; believe me, he was not to blame."

Harry answered nothing, but turned his eyes upon her in one long inquiring look, as if awaiting something more. She would have answered more, but he interposed—

"Forgive me, dear Jolie. I only thought——"

She heard no more, for there burst upon the midnight stillness the crash of musketry and the awful thunder of artillery. The moon had risen, and there was a night attack. The troops, taken by surprise, reel back, panic-

stricken; the forest is filled with the fleeing and disorderly multitude; the roaring and the exultant shouts of the pursuers are coming on apace. All the hospital attendants have fled or hidden. Jolie sits upright, speechless with terror, and holding the still hand. The glazing eyes of the dying soldier gleam for a moment with the old light of battle. He beholds his regimental flag once more brightly flaunt above the bayonets; she feels his hand feebly clutch her own for his sword.

A single bullet, wandering far and spent through the rushing multitude, plunges through the tent. Another and another. Shall they be all in vain? Shall they not have a fair prize? This one bursts one canvas wall, but not the other. What! Jolie? Ah, Jolie! She droops—she falls! Her head lies on his pillow. She has even gone before him.

In reply to the letter which bore him these tidings, Sargent wrote to his sister:

"He has given his life to his coun-

try, while I live here in ignominious ease. I cannot blame our father; but if our mother could look down to-night from her blissful abode, she would more gladly see me lying beside him than living here. Ah, Jolie! by some evil and unhappy fate thou hast robbed me already once, and now this time yet again. Would that to-night I could dispute thy privilege, and sleep beside him in the quiet grave! His tomb should be chiselled with a wreath of laurel, but mine should be wholly blank, and it might thus, perchance, add to the honor of his.

'O Death, Death, Death, thou ever-floating cloud!  
There are enough unhappy on this earth;  
Pass by the happy souls that love to live!  
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,  
And shadow all my soul, that I may die!'

Oh, that I had gone out with my beloved comrade, that I might sleep now with him in the quiet grave! Then, perhaps, some one on earth, sitting alone at evening, would miss me now, drop a tear to my memory, and whisper softly, 'But he died for his country.'

## OUR EARTHQUAKE.

BY ELIAS COLBERT.

THE Earthquake which occurred on the morning of the 20th of October last, is remarkable as being the first general shock ever experienced in the eastern part of this continent. California has several times been visited, New York City was shaken in April last, and small waves of earth-tremor have been previously noted in two or three of what are still called the Western States. But this was by far the most extensive perturbation which has occurred on the Atlantic Slope in historic times. It was felt in Eastern Canada, in all the New England States, and in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois. Though

not causing any damage to life or property, it was yet severe enough in many places to awaken general alarm, and was marked by what seem to be permanent changes in the level of more than one portion of the earth's surface.

Taking the times at which the shock is stated to have occurred at several points, and reducing them all to the time of one place, as a standard, the wave appears to have originated on the south side of the St. Lawrence River, some distance east of the meridian of Quebec; and thence to have spread in all directions, but least to the northward, at the rate of forty or

fifty miles per hour. These data are not obtainable with sufficient accuracy to enable us to determine the exact topographical origin, or the precise rate of travel; because the stated times at some of the stations are evidently five or ten minutes wide of the truth. But we can ascertain enough to see the above-named fact; and also, that the course of greatest extent of the earth-wave lay along the valley of the St. Lawrence, and thence along its general continuation through the Great Lakes, to the western shore of Lake Michigan. The axis of motion was coincident with that of the main water-course of the Northern States, and the disturbances felt at considerable distances from that line were sympathetic.

In these given circumstances we have the conditions of a problem to which it is desired to find an answer. What was the cause of this, as of other earthquakes? It may seem difficult to trace out the prime cause from its observed effects; but it is not impossible. Miracles may be unfathomable mysteries; but in every event which occurs in the order of nature we have but a parallel to the fundamentals of an algebraic equation—in which every question contains all the data necessary to find its answer. Any proposition of which this is not true may be set down as a puzzle, not a problem; but it is well to remember that, under the improved modes of modern analysis, the puzzles of former ages are rapidly taking rank to-day as solvable problems.

We need not to look to the heavens for the proximate causes of these mysterious phenomena; we can find them much nearer home than in the sun-spots, or even in the atmospheric conditions which cause the aurora polaris. They are of the earth—earthly. But in order to understand them and their modes of operation, we must study the situation of the solid rock which is shaken as by a wind.

Deep borings, made at innumerable

points on the earth's surface, show an almost uniform increase of temperature as we descend towards the earth's interior. Near the surface the temperature is varied by local peculiarities, and by the changes of the seasons. But below the depth of about one hundred feet, all these irregularities disappear, and the temperature increases steadily, at the rate of about one degree of the Fahrenheit scale for every seventy-five feet. We have every reason to believe that this augmentation of heat is continuous. If so, then at a depth of two and a quarter miles the temperature is equal to that of boiling water; and at a depth of thirty-nine miles it will equal that of molten iron. All below this must be fluid; indeed, it is estimated that the solid portion of our earth—the crust—is not more than sixteen miles in thickness.

The total weight of the earth has been ascertained to be about five and a half times that of an equal bulk of water. But the average weight of that portion known to us is scarcely half of that amount; so that the interior of the earth is not only fluid, but very dense—heavy by comparison. Reasoning from the analogy furnished by the sun and by meteorites, we are warranted in considering it probable that more than one-half of this fluid interior is iron, kept in a molten condition by the intense heat engendered by the pressure of the superincumbent matter, and prevented from radiating into space by the non-conducting properties of the solidified crust. The earth was once a globe of incandescent matter, and gave off light and heat, as the sun does to-day, and as Jupiter did not many thousands of years ago. She is such a globe to-day, with the exception of a thin stratum of solid matter, scarcely one four-hundredth part of the thickness of the entire globe; much thinner, proportionately, than the rind of an orange to its pulpy interior.

On this molten base rests, or rather

floats, that which we call the land, enclosing the seas and the lakes in its shallower cavities, and permitting the rivers to flow along its minor furrows. There is no more danger of the land sinking into the fiery ocean beneath, than there is of a piece of wood ceasing to float on the water, which is of greater specific gravity. But the interior mass is yielding, and moves with every variation in the amount of pressure upon any portion of its surface.

Suppose a number of boats, of different sizes and unequally loaded, to be floating side by side on a sheet of water. The most heavily laden will sink deepest, each vessel displacing exactly as much water as is equal to the weight of itself and cargo. If, now, a portion of the load of a large boat be transferred to one or more of the small boats, the effect will be to cause a change in the relative height of their decks; the one will rise in the water, while the others will sink deeper. But if the boats were bolted together, rigidly, before the transfer be made, the result will be a strain on the bolts, which will increase with the change in weight, till at last the bolts will snap, if the process be carried to a point where the strength of the bolt is less than the strain put upon it. The consequence of this will be that the lightened boat will rise and the other sink, with a sudden movement, producing a wave-motion in the water which will spread to a great distance, disturbing the equilibrium of all the boats in the neighborhood of the original movement. The same effect may be produced by the unequal loading of a single vessel; and shipmasters always take care that a loading is equally distributed, to prevent a strain on the timbers which would cause the ship to break to pieces, even in smooth water.

These boats may be regarded as representing the earth's crust, which is of very unequal thickness, and is undergoing a constant change in the weights of contiguous portions, which

are held together by the cohesive power of the different strata, till the departure from the original equilibrium has become so great as to cause a rupture in the weakest line of cohesion. One portion then sinks, and the other rises, to restore the balance of pressure.

These changes of relative weight are produced, on the most extensive scale, by the action of air and water; wherever there is a difference of level—even in the case of the hardest rocks. Every puff of wind that blows acts the part of a great leveller in the economy of nature, sweeping off the looser particles from the more exposed portions of the surface, and allowing them to drop, by the force of their own gravity, into holes and valleys, as in the case of a snow-storm. Every drop of rain that falls and every atom of snow that melts on the land, if not evaporated into thin air, carries with it a small portion of earthy matter in its downward course to the river; and the swollen torrent is often thick with the mud which it bears down from the lofty mountain slope, or has scooped out from its own banks as it dashes on towards the sea. Even the most durable rock is disintegrated by the same agencies; the water rests upon it for a while, then works its way deftly in between its exterior particles, and breaks them off from the main rock by expansion in freezing, leaving them to be carried away by the winds, and expose other particles to the same pulverizing agency. So powerful is the operation of these apparently feeble forces, that the whole world would be reduced to a dead level in the course of a few thousand years, were it not for the fact that other and opposing agencies are also at work to keep up the irregular outline of surface which permits the higher forms of animal existence on our globe. The islands which form around snags in the Mississippi, the huge delta at its mouth, the "Goose Island" formed at the junction of the slow-moving arms of

the Chicago River, and the ever-growing sand-bar which obstructs free navigation at the entrance to Chicago harbor,—all these show that a current of water carries with it large quantities of earthy matter, and drops a part or the whole when its onward flow is obstructed by a fixed object, or arrested by meeting another body of water not moving in the same direction.

It is evident that these changes proceed most rapidly where the difference of elevation is the greatest. The steep mountain side is kept bare of pulverized matter, while the gentle slope can retain a rich soil overlying the barren rocks beneath. The brook which flows through an almost level tract of country meanders peacefully along in the same track for centuries; the river whose bed is sharply inclined to the plane of the horizon, dashes its turbid waters hither and thither in a zigzag course, tearing off huge masses of earth and rock from its banks, and hewing out for itself new channels where river never ran before.

The forces brought into play by the differences of level on the land, have their counterparts in the ocean, where tides are caused by the varying position of the moon, currents produced by the combination of this with other disturbing influences, and the waves lashed into wild fury by storms in the surrounding ocean of air. These work extensive changes on the sea-coast; they grind off huge masses of rock from the cliffs in some places, and deposit them in comminuted form at other points, to make the ever-growing sandy beach. How vast are the changes wrought by these "toilers of the sea," may be inferred by looking at the effects produced by the same forces on a mimic scale in Lake Michigan, where the expanse of water is too small to permit the formation of an appreciable tidal wave, or the gathering of a storm in anything like oceanic grandeur. The first survey of the shore line, north of the Chicago River, was made in 1821, when the

line was coincident with what is now St. Clair street in Chicago. In less than fifty years the shore line has extended out to a distance of nearly twenty-two hundred feet eastward of that line, the sand thrown up by the waters of the lake having formed a tract of made ground of about one hundred acres, north of the Pier. Much of this sand has been shaved away from Grosse's Point, some twelve miles to the northward; but within a dozen years the water has cut off and swallowed up, in Chicago, a strip of land nearly one hundred feet wide, extending from Division street to beyond Schiller street. Similar stealings of land, by the remorseless waters, are noticed in the vicinity of Hyde Park; while the ill-gotten booty of the robber is found at the head of the lake, choking up and rendering worthless the harbor of Michigan City.

If these extensive changes occur in our level prairie region, how much more rapid must they be in California, on the Pacific Coast? It is evident that the producing causes of earthquakes are ever at work there, with an energy which has no parallel in the interior of the continent, and but few on the shores of its northern portion. The effects are numerous there, also. The lofty Sierra Nevadas rise almost directly from the shore, and are rapidly losing themselves in the ocean, the general slope from the summit to the shore line being nearly one in a hundred. The coast-line itself, in the vicinity of San Francisco, is continually losing by the attrition of the waves, which gather their force from an expanse of nearly one-third part of the distance round the globe, ere they dash on the shores of the Golden State. The *debris* thus made is carried down into the ocean bed, and thence rolled gently up to form other accumulations on the sandy beach which stretches to some distance in both directions from that region. The land lying eastward of San Francisco Bay is thus losing in weight at a rapid rate, while

the westwardly portions of the earth's crust are gaining in thickness at its expense. Hence the imperative necessity which exists for frequent changes in the relative levels, to preserve the equality of pressure on the central ocean. The land rises, as a whole, while the sea-bed sinks; and the movement is only made possible by a spasmodic yielding of the crust, on the shore line, to the tension. The waters of the ocean sink, advance, and recede, just as water will do in a dish, one side of which is suddenly tilted up; and the earth for many miles around may be shaken by the vibration excited in the central mass of the globe.

We find that the great earthquakes of the past have all occurred in places where this shifting of pressure had evidently been in progress for a long time preceding the shock.

The frequency of the earthquake at any one of these points evidently depends on two things—first, the rapidity with which the change in relative weight is effected; and secondly, the comparative strength of the subjacent strata to resist the strain. If the strata on the line of cleavage be chiefly sandy, the subsidence is effected gradually, hence with little shock; if earthy in consistence, like dry clay, the drop will be more severe and less gradual. If, however, the substrata be compact rock, they will only yield to a severe strain, and then suddenly; the earthquake in such situations will be a rare phenomenon, but terrible when experienced—like that at Lisbon in Portugal, one hundred and fifteen years ago.

A glance at the topographical conditions of the eastern coast of North America will enable us to see that the producing causes of earthquakes are not operating so forcibly there as on the Pacific shore; hence the earthquake shock will be less frequent, or less severe, or both. We shall see also that those forces are at work all along the valley of the St. Lawrence; but not so energetically as on the sea-

coast, in the neighborhood of the mouth of that river. Hence, though we have as yet no information of a change of level during the earthquake of October 20, except that the Ogdensburgh Railroad, near the northern end of Lake Champlain, sunk ten feet, yet we conclude that the real cause of the shock will be found to have operated some distance to the eastward of that place, and that the reported depression was but a secondary movement, not the original cause. Disturbing agencies had doubtless been at work in the Lake Champlain region, but the reported sinking there might not have occurred for many years to come, only for the shock communicated; while it was inadequate to the production of even a slight tremor over so large an area as that affected. The cause of our earthquake was, in all probability, the sinking of a large tract through the space of a few inches; not the depression of a small area to the extent of several feet.

We have in these phenomena a beautiful example of the compensations ever found in the economy of nature. This perpetual tendency to recover an equilibrium of pressure is the very agency that preserves the irregularities of the surface against the levelling forces which are ceaselessly at work to destroy them. The land masses are reduced in their height above the sea level by the rains and the winds; but, their relative weights being also diminished by the process, they are pushed up from below nearly to the former height above the sea level. It is only after the lapse of thousands of ages that the difference of level is made to disappear; and then other forces are found at work to re-create the essential diversity of terrestrial outline. The great central ocean is itself disturbed, and volcanic eruptions, or land elevations on a much larger scale, occur; and continents are formed anew.

It may be objected to this theory of equal pressures, that the supposition



of a fluid central mass, surrounded by a solidified crust, is fatal to the hypothesis of unequal depths of solid matter in the molten ocean. Not so. We have a parallel case in the floating of an iceberg among cake ice. The water beneath is warmer than the ice, yet the berg sinks two yards deep in the water for every yard that it projects above the surface. And if we could watch its gradual melting from the top downwards, accompanied by an equally gradual rising of its lower side, we should see that the sheet and the mountain of ice preserve their equilibrium, just like our two unequal masses of land. If the sheet of ice be frozen to the sides of the projecting mass, it will be lifted up with the melting of the latter, till the weight of the sheet snaps the frozen connection, when it will sink down to the surface of the water; and the concussion will produce a subglacial wave which will be felt at a considerable distance, just like the earthquake wave.

But geology furnishes us with the undated records of numerous cases of subsidence in the past, which can scarcely be referred to this cause. The sinking of a valley in the interior of a continent has a more general and comprehensive origin. The whole State of Illinois has been depressed, and again elevated, perhaps several times, since the American Continent was first lifted up from the general level. We can only account for this by remembering that the earth is still cooling, though very much more slowly than formerly, and that as the interior heat is conveyed away through the crust into the regions of space, the central mass contracts with the decrease in its temperature; it shrinks away slowly from the crust, which forms a huge globular arch around it. If this arch were set in bricks and mortar, its stability would not be affected by the shrinkage; but it consists of substances unequally cohesive, and at length gives way in the weakest part, when the whole crust closes in, and once more fits closely

around the central mass. In the early days of our geologic history, such collapses were frequent; they occur now, at longer intervals—probably measured by millions of years.

The contracting process being gradual, while the collapses are periodic events, it follows that there is always more or less spare room between the interior globe and its shell. Here is an opportunity for disturbing concussion between the two. We can demonstrate that this internal mass tends to a constant change of form—to an elongation to the extent of about one foot, in a direction following the position of the moon, like the great ocean of water outside the shell. We have no reason to suppose that the crust is too rigid to permit of its following the same daily change of outline. And other gravital causes are ever at work, as in the case of the tides, to vary the amount of this general mutation from its average. The effect of these will be not only to prepare the crust for its greater changes, but to render absolute stability of position impossible on any part of the earth's surface. It is probable that in this fact we have the principal cause of the minute aberrations in the direction of astronomical instruments, which are so perplexing to observers. The instabilities will increase as the time approaches for a great collapse. We have reason to think that we are now only in the beginning of one of these grand cycles of change in the earth's crust.

The earth's interior is thus in a state of continual motion, in deference to the play of gravitative attraction exercised by other bodies. But purely mechanical causes are not the only ones engaged in producing earthquake phenomena. We must not forget that, with increase of temperature, chemical affinities and repulsions assume a wondrously enhanced energy; and that near the line dividing the molten from the solid form of matter, electrical disturbances find a field for display which is not furnished in the compar-

atively torpid conditions of surface heat. The energy of a force is largely dependent on the character of the medium through which it operates; as the solar ray which burns in a dense atmosphere is powerless to warm us in the higher regions of the air. Excessive electrical disturbances in the aerial envelope of our globe, whether of terrestrial origin or finding their source in celestial phenomena, are transmitted through the crust to the throbbing sea of fire beneath us, and excite it to wildest commotion. Then its angry waves surge tempestuously against the walls which enclose it, and shake them as a ship is agitated by the gale. The pent-up caldron seeks an outlet for its wrath, as a liquid in a state of ebullition will lift the lid of the vessel containing it. The earth's surface is not thinly dotted over with the scars of "ventages" forced through the crust when it was much thinner than now, and which have been reopened again and again, at irregular intervals, by the tremendous internal convulsions even yet so frequent in the history of our planet. If the point of maximum disturbance be situated near one of these safety-valves, a volcanic outburst ensues, and the shell of solid matter may be undisturbed, as a whole, though the besom of destruction may sweep the vicinity of the eruption. If not near a former volcano, the angry tide is too weak to force itself through the now-thickened crust, but a convulsive pulsation is excited in the earth above the track of the wave, as it passes toward the distant crater. In the latter case the volcanic eruption is accompanied by an earthquake; not necessarily so in the former case. The cyclone which swept over Cuba on the nineteenth and twentieth of October may have been thus connected with the earthquake of the Northern States; but it is not improbable that the two sets of phenomena were independent of each other.

This wonderful globe of ours is

almost entirely made up of fluid matter; its comparatively unyielding shell is relatively very thin, and is continually shaken by the concussions of these moving masses. The ocean of water floating in the exterior hollows of the shell is surrounded by another ocean of air; and the two are always acting and reacting upon each other, both in a state of eternal unrest, due to the action of exterior forces. The internal ocean is necessarily acted upon by the same forces, transmitted through the surrounding matter; and thus the stability of the shell is always subject to disturbance—to vibration as a whole—to rupture in its various parts. There is another curious fact, which is exceedingly interesting in this connection. The attraction of the moon upon the water, and the heating effects of the sun, are greatest in the tropical regions. The zone included within the parallels of thirty-five degrees on each side of the equator is the one of greatest perturbation in the two exterior oceans; it is also the zone of greatest earthquake and volcanic activity, very few active volcanoes existing, and very few earthquakes being recorded as having occurred, outside of that belt. This is also true of the sun—the spots which indicate the existence of storms in his atmosphere and unknown convulsions within, are nearly all found within thirty-five degrees of the solar equator. And these facts are something more than a mere coincidence; we have pointed out in a former article the connection between sun-storms and our atmospheric mutations; we only need to take the interior ocean into the grand confraternity of storm-action, to recognize the fact that all are connected by a bond of sympathy, which determines co-ordinate phenomena in all.

While there is no necessity that compels us to look outside of our own globe for the causes of the minor physical changes which occur on her surface, we can undoubtedly find external correspondences in the case of

most of them ; and the inciting causes of the more important terrestrial convulsions can only be eliminated by a comparison of the grand generalizing equations in which the conditions and positions of other worlds are correlated with ours. We have already traced out many of these relations of condition, in the April and August (1870) numbers of THE WESTERN MONTHLY. We have seen how intimately is related to us that variable star which we call the sun ; that his chemical composition is strikingly analogous to that of our earth ; that his short cycle variations bring about marked departures from our meteor-

ological averages, inducing lower general temperature, increased heats on land, and a diminished rainfall, with unusual electrical and chemical activities, magnetic derangements, and auroral display. In the greater cycles of solar variation we shall find the real causes of extensive climatic changes, and the grand disturbing force in those mighty throes which have shaken the rock-bound earth to its centre, and brought about physical revolutions of the most radical character on our globe. The writer proposes to discuss this topic more fully in a future number.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF JUDGE STORY.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS.

IN the year 1836 I entered the Law School at Cambridge, and saw for the first time Judge Story, whose pupil I was for some two years to be. Rarely has the physiognomy of a distinguished man, whose looks I had previously pictured to myself, contrasted so strikingly as in this instance with my ideal. Instead of a man "severe and stern to view," with an awe-inspiring countenance in every hue and lineament of which justice was legibly written, and whose whole demeanor manifested a fearful amount of stiffness, starch, and dignity—in short, an incarnation of law, bristling all over with technicalities and subtleties—a walking Coke upon Littleton—I saw before me a sunny, smiling face which bespoke a heart full of kindness, and listened to a voice whose musical tones imparted interest to everything it communicated, whether dry subtleties of the law, or reminiscences of the "giants of those days" when he was a practitioner at the bar, and of which he was so eloquent a panegyrist.

Further acquaintance deepened my first impressions ; I found that he was the counsellor, guide, philosopher, and friend of all his pupils ; that without the slightest forfeiture of self-respect, he could chat, jest, and laugh with all ; and that if he never looked the Supreme Court judge, or assumed the airs of a Sir Oracle, it was simply because he had a real dignity, an inward greatness of soul, which rendered it needless that he should protect himself from intrusion by any *chevaux-de-frise* of formalities—still less by the frizzled, artificial locks, black robes, and portentous seals of a British judge, who, without the insignia of his office, would almost despise himself. Overflowing as the Judge was with legal lore, which bubbled up as from a perennial fountain, he made no display of learning ; in this matter, as in the other, he never led one to suspect the absence of the reality by his over-preciseness and niceness about the shadow. His pupil did not pass many hours in his presence before he

learned, too, that the same fertile mind that could illumine the depths of constitutional law, and solve the knottiest and most puzzling problems of commercial jurisprudence, could also enliven the monotony of recitation by a keen witticism or a sparkling pun. Though thirty years and more have elapsed since the time of which I speak, I can yet see him in fancy as plainly as I see his portrait hanging before me. It is two o'clock P.M.; he walks briskly into the recitation-room, his face wreathed with smiles, and, laying down his white hat, takes his seat at the table, puts on his spectacles, and with a semi-quizzical look inquires, as he glances about the room:

"Where do I begin to-day? Ah! Mr. L—, I believe you *dodged out* yesterday just before I reached you: so we'll begin with you."

This sally provokes a laugh in which the Judge joins as heartily as the students; and then begins perhaps an examination in "Long on Sales," a brief treatise, which suggests the remark that "Long is short, and short because he is Long; a writer who can condense into a small book what others would spin out into volumes."

Probably no two teachers of equal ability were ever associated, who were more unlike in the constitution of their minds, and who conducted a recitation in modes more dissimilar, than Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf. The latter, the beau ideal of a lawyer in his physique, was severe and searching in the class-room, probing the student to the quick, accepting no half-answers, or vague, general statements for accurate replies, showing no mercy to laziness; and when he commented on the text, it was always in the fewest and pithiest words that would convey the ideas. Language in his mouth seemed to have proclaimed a sumptuary law, forbidding that it should in any case overstep the limits of the thought. Indolent students, who had skimmed over the lesson, dreaded his scrutiny, for they knew that an exami-

nation by him was a literal *weighing* of their knowledge—that they could impose on him by no shams. Judge Story's forte, on the other hand, was in lecturing, not in questioning; in communicating information, not in ascertaining the exact sum of the pupil's knowledge. In most cases his questions were put in such a way as to suggest the answer: for example, having stated two modes of legal proceeding under certain circumstances, he would ask the student—"Would you adopt the former course, or would you *rather* adopt the latter?" "I would rather adopt the latter," the student would reply, who perhaps had not looked at the lesson. "You are right," would be the comment of the kind-hearted Dane Professor; "Lord Mansfield himself could not have answered more correctly." Whether he was too good-natured to put the student on the rack, or thought the time might be more profitably spent, I know not; but no one feared to recite because he was utterly ignorant of the lesson.

The manner of the Judge, when lecturing, was that of an enthusiast rather than that of a professional teacher. The recitation—if recitation it could be called, where the professor was questioned on many days nearly as often as the student—was not confined to the text-book; but everything that could throw light upon the subject in hand—all the limitations or modifications of the principles laid down by the author—were fully stated, and illustrated by numerous apt examples. The book was merely the starting-point, whence excursions were made into all the cognate provinces of the law from which the *opima spolia* of a keen and searching intellect and a capacious memory could be gathered. His readiness of invention, as his son has remarked in the biography of his father, was particularly exhibited in the facility and exhaustless ingenuity with which he supplied fictitious cases to illustrate a principle, and shaped the circumstances so as to expose and

make prominent the various exceptions to which it was subject. Often his illustrations were drawn from incidents of the day, and the listless student whose ears had been pricked up by some amusing tale or anecdote, found that all this was but the gilding of the pill, and that he had been cheated into swallowing a large dose of legal wisdom. Thus "he attracted the mind along instead of driving it. Alive himself, he made the law alive. His lectures were not bundles of dried fagots, but of budding scions. Like the Chinese juggler, he planted the seed, and made it grow before the eyes of his pupils into a tree."

Few men have ever been less subject to moods. He had no fits of enthusiasm. Of those alternations of mental sunshine and gloom—of buoyancy and depression—to which most men, and especially men of genius, are subject, he seemed to know nothing. Nor did he, even when most overwhelmed with work, manifest any sense of weariness. After having tried a tedious and intricate case in the United States Court Room in Boston, he was as fresh, elastic, and vivacious in the recitation room as if he had taken a mountain walk or some other bracing exercise. He had that rare gift, the faculty of communicating, and loved, above all things else, to communicate knowledge. The one ruling passion of his mind was what a French writer calls "*un gout dominant d'instruire et documenter quelqu'un.*" Few men with equal stores of learning have had a more perfect command of their acquisitions. All his knowledge, whether gathered from musty black-letter folios or from modern octavos, was at the tip of his tongue. He had no unsmelted gold or bullion, but kept his intellectual riches in the form of current coin, as negotiable as it was valuable. His extraordinary fluency, his vast acquirement, his sympathy with the young, and especially his personal magnetism, eminently fitted him to be a teacher. To smooth the path-

way of the legal learner, to give him a clue by which to thread the labyrinths of jurisprudence, to hold a torch by which to light his way through its dark passages—above all, to kindle in his breast some of his own ever-burning enthusiasm—was to the Judge a constant joy. I doubt if ever a dull hour was known in his lecture-room. His perennial liveliness; his frankness and *abandon*; his "winning smile, that played lambent as heat-lightning around his varying countenance"; his bubbling humor; his contagious, merry, and irresistible laugh; his exhaustless fund of incident and anecdote, with which he never failed to give piquancy and zest to the driest and most crabbed themes,—all won not only the attention, but the love, of his pupils, and he who could have yawned amid such stimulants to attention, must have been dull indeed. Only a dunce or a beatified intelligence could listen uninterested to such a teacher.

So prodigal was he of his intellectual riches, so lavish of his learning, wit, and anecdote, that the fear of every new-comer was, that he would exhaust himself; but the apprehension was soon allayed; the stream never ceased, but went pouring on its sparkling waters with undiminished volume, till the hearer felt that he was in the condition described by Robert Hall when speaking during his lunacy of the conversation of Mackintosh—"it seemed like the Euphrates pouring into a teacup." Of all the themes which Judge S. loved to discuss, the constitutional history of the country was the favorite. When lecturing upon this subject, on which he never was weary of expatiating, and all the smallest details as well as the grand facts of which were at the tip of his tongue, his enthusiasm and eloquence were at the height. Especially fond was he at such times of describing the great men of other days—the Marshalls, Pinkneys, Dexters, Martins, and other giants of the law—whom

he had known and associated with; and of holding up their characters, their Herculean industry, their integrity, and other virtues, as models to be imitated. With breathless interest we listened as he spoke of the principles of the Constitution—the views of the great men by whom it was drawn—of the dangers to which the country was exposed—of the anxiety with which the experiment of a republican government was watched across the sea—and closed with an exhortation to us to labor for the promotion of justice, to liberalize and expand the law, to scorn all trickery and chicanery in its practice, and to deem no victory worth winning if won by the arts of the huckster and the pettifogger.

Few of the old graduates of Dane Law school will forget the scene that occurred on his return from the winter session of the Supreme Court at Washington. The announcement of his return was sure to fill the lecture-room, and he was welcomed with all the joyousness, and with the hearty grasp of the hand, with which a loving father is welcomed home by his children. How eagerly we gathered around him, and plied him with questions concerning the great cases that had been argued at Washington, and with what kindling enthusiasm would he describe to us the keen contests between the athletes of the bar, as one would have described to a company of squires and pages—to use the illustration of one of his pupils, R. H. Dana—a tournament of monarchs and nobles on a field of cloth of gold; how Webster spoke in this case, Legaré, or Clay, or Crittenden, or Choate, in that, and all “the currents of the heady fight.” In vain, at any such times as I have described, did the clock peal or the bell clang the hour of adjournment. On the lecturer went, oblivious of the lapse of time, pouring forth a continuous and sparkling stream of anecdote and reminiscence, or throwing “a light as from a painted window” upon the

dark passages of constitutional history, and charming the dullest listener by his eloquence, till the bell for evening prayers announced that now he must cease, and his hearers departed, hoping that he would resume the broken thread of his discourse to-morrow. Some of these anecdotes and reminiscences, as I heard them from his lips, with a few others published just after his death in a Boston journal, will make up the rest of this paper.

Judge Story was an intimate friend and warm admirer of William Pinkney, whom, in spite of his dandyisms and affectations, he regarded as one of the ablest and most scholarly lawyers in the country. Mr. Pinkney, said he, dressed always with fastidious elegance, and looked as if he had just come from his dressing-room, and was going to a fashionable party. His coat, of the finest blue, was nicely brushed; his boots shone with the highest polish; his waistcoat, of immaculate whiteness, glittered with gold buttons; he carried in his hand a light cane, with which he played; and his whole appearance was that of a man of fashion rather than that of a profound and laborious lawyer. He was exceedingly ambitious, fond of admiration, and never spoke without an eye to effect. He would spend weeks of hard labor upon a case, and, when it was called up for trial, would beg earnestly to have it postponed on the ground that he had had no time for preparation; and when informed by the Court that it could not be deferred longer, would rise and astonish everybody by a profound and elaborate argument, which he wished to be regarded as an impromptu burst of genius. Another trick of his was to quote from a law-book a passage which he had just previously read and got by heart for this very occasion, and pretending he had not seen it for a long time, but had no doubt of its tenor, to cite it in support of the doctrine he had maintained. The counsel on the other side would perhaps



deny the correctness of the citation, when Mr. P. would call for the book, and, to the surprise of everybody, would read from it the exact words he had quoted, without the change of a syllable. In spite of these affectations, however, he was a brilliant and powerful lawyer, a fine scholar, and a man of vast resources; and if in the contests of the forum he did not stand confessed as *facile princeps*—the victor of every contest—yet he was admitted by all who witnessed his displays to be surpassed by none of the athletes with whom he was wont to wrestle in the legal arena. Nothing could be more logical or luminous than his reasoning; his very statement of a case was itself an argument.

Among the giants of the bar with whom Mr. Pinkney was accustomed to grapple, continued the Judge, was the Irish exile, Thomas Addis Emmet. I shall never forget the first case in which these two men were pitted against each other, and tested each other's mettle. It was a case of prize law, and Mr. Pinkney, being perfect master of that branch of the law, in which his antagonist was but slightly versed, and having the advantage moreover of being at home in the arena to which Mr. Emmet was a stranger, gained an easy victory, and not content with that, was somewhat haughty and overbearing in his manner, as he was too apt to be when he lacked a foeman worthy of his steel. Stung by this contemptuous treatment, Mr. Emmet determined to supply his own defects, and, for the next three or four months, devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of that department of the law in which he had been unable to cope with the great Marylander. At the end of that time he was employed as counsel in opposition to Mr. Pinkney, in the famous case of the "Nereide," on the decision of which depended the ownership of a large and very valuable cargo. The speech of Mr. E. on this occasion was a masterpiece of argument, learning, and

eloquence, and placed him by universal consent in the very front rank of American lawyers. In his eloquent exordium he spoke of the embarrassment of his situation, the novelty of the forum, and the deep interest which the public took in the cause. He spoke in glowing terms of the genius and accomplishments of his opponent, whose fame had extended beyond the Atlantic; and then, in language the most delicate and touching, he alluded to the contrast presented by his own life to this brilliant career—to the circumstances which had exiled him from his country—and to the treatment he had received from Mr. Pinkney at the previous trial. All this was said with an air so modest and in terms so full of pathos, that his audience, including the veteran attorneys and gray-headed judges of the Supreme Court, were moved to tears. He then proceeded to his argument, which exhibited a profound knowledge and firm grasp of the law applicable to the case, and by its powerful logic excited the admiration of both bar and court. Upon his sitting down, Mr. Pinkney at once arose and prefaced his argument—which, I need not say, was worthy of his abilities and fame—with an apology for his former unkind treatment of Mr. Emmet, couched in the most elegant and polished language, surpassing even the latter in pathos, and breathing sentiments so noble and magnanimous, that again the entire assembly—lawyers, court, and spectators—were moved to tears, which this time fell more plentifully "than from Arabian trees their medicinal gums." When the Court adjourned, continued Judge S., I asked the author of this masterly speech if he would not write out the substance of it, so far as he could recall it—for of course I could not expect him to give me the *exact words* of an exordium thus extemporized—and let me have a copy. "Come with me to dinner," was the reply, "and we'll talk about the matter." I dined with him, and, after we

had risen from the table, he drew from a drawer a large roll of manuscript, elegantly written—for he wrote a beautiful hand—and *containing his entire speech word for word as he had delivered it*, not only the argument, but the *impromptu* exordium which had so charmed and affected all who heard it! The truth was, that, with the divining instinct of genius, he had guessed correctly at the course which his adversary would pursue, and carefully prepared himself accordingly.

The case was decided adversely to Mr. Pinkney's client, Judge Story dissenting from the opinion of the other members of the Court. Scarcely, however, had the decision been made, when intelligence came across the Atlantic that Lord Stowell, the head of the Admiralty Court of England, one of the highest authorities in maritime law, had, in a case involving precisely the same principles of prize law as that of the "*Nereide*," made a decision directly the opposite to that of the United States Supreme Court. With the mention of this fact, which was so gratifying to his pride of opinion, Judge Story triumphantly closed his narration.

At another time Judge Story told the following anecdote of Samuel Dexter, Fisher Ames, and Chief Justice Marshall. Mr. Dexter was a remarkable man—a man whom, to use Burke's language, if you should meet and talk with him a few minutes on a rainy day under a shed, you would at once pronounce a great man. The first time I met him I knew not who he was, and stared in wonderment. Yet his was rather a brilliant mind than a truly great one. Mr. Dexter was once in company with Fisher Ames and Chief Justice Marshall, when the latter began a conversation, or rather a monologue, which lasted some three hours. On their way homeward, Ames and Dexter vied with each other in extolling the learning and mental grasp of their host. After a brief walk, Ames said: "To tell the truth, Dexter, I

have not understood a word of his argument for half an hour." "And I," as frankly responded Dexter, "have been out of *my* depth for an hour and a half."

Judge Story was an ardent admirer of Albert Gallatin, whom he ranked as the peer of Alexander Hamilton. Both of these gentlemen, he observed, were foreigners, and they landed on our shores about the same time. When, as Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Gallatin succeeded to Mr. Hamilton, he made no changes, though the latter belonged to the opposing party. Unlike the Italian on whose tombstone was inscribed the significant epitaph, "I was well, I wished to be better, and I am here," he did not try to improve upon that which was good. When Mr. Gallatin was a member of Congress, he said to me one day: "We have plenty of eloquence upon the floor—aye, and *too much*! It is the hard-working committee man who is needed; the man who rarely speaks, but who can apply himself to hard, dry, yet important statistical labor. Figures of this kind are far weightier and more useful than figures of speech." If this was true in the days of Mr. Gallatin, what is the fact now?

The haste and recklessness with which laws are made and repealed in this country, was a frequent topic of the Judge's denunciation. He once asked an eminent gentleman from Tennessee why the legislature of that state did not meet annually, as did the legislatures of other states. The reply was, "that the laws might have at least a trial before they were repealed"—a sarcasm not more pointed than just.

Judge Story accounted for the provision in the United States Constitution requiring that a person be thirty-five years of age to render him eligible to the office of Senator, by the fact that the framers of that instrument were very distrustful of young men. "He is not yet fifty years old," was an ar-

gument which annihilated a canvasser's pretensions. Some of the ablest statesmen, however, that the world has seen, were young men; for example, Fox, and Pitt, who at twenty-three was by far the ablest man in Parliament. I am aware that I go counter to the judgment of many when I pronounce William Pitt an incomparably greater man than his father, Lord Chatham, a man who was often strangely inconsistent. You all remember his eloquent denunciation of the lord who recommended the employment of the Indians against the Americans in the war of the Revolution; and yet the man from whose lips fell this burst of indignation filed in the British Cabinet a letter in his own handwriting advising the very measure which, when urged by another, he characterizes as infamous!

Judge Story was a profound admirer of Chief Justice Marshall, and could rarely hear his name mentioned without digressing to panegyrize his learning and intellectual power. Marshall's favorite expression, said he, was "It is admitted." So resistless was his logic, that it was a common remark of the bar, that if you once admitted his premises, it was all over with you. You were forced to his conclusions; and the only safety, therefore, was in denying everything he asserted. Daniel Webster once said to me,—"When Judge Marshall says, 'It is admitted, Sir,' I am preparing for a bomb to burst over my head, and demolish all my points."

Some years ago, remarked the Judge, I saw a book advertised, entitled "New Views of the Constitution." I was startled. What right has a man to announce *new* views upon this subject? Speculations upon our government are dangerous, and should be frowned upon. That great statesman, Edmund Burke, has wisely and sententiously said—"Governments are practical things, not toys for speculists to play with." And yet governments must often change, to meet the demands of the

times. I have been in public life nearly forty years and have seen great changes in the country. Men may flatter themselves that now, at least, all is settled; but no! our laws are written upon the sands of time, and the winds of popular opinion gradually efface them; new layers are to be made, and your old writing renewed or changed.

The following statement was made by the Judge to illustrate the extreme difficulty of framing statutes so as to avoid all ambiguity in their language. Being once employed by Congress to draft an important law, he spent six months in trying to perfect its phraseology, so that its sense would be clear beyond the shadow of a doubt, and not the smallest loophole could be found for a lawyer to creep through. And yet, in less than a year afterwards, after having heard the arguments of two able attorneys, he was utterly unable, in a suit which came before him as a Judge of the Supreme Court, to decide upon the statute's meaning!

Judge Story was fond of telling that Mr. Webster, on one or two occasions, after grumbling at a legal decision of the former, had afterwards the magnanimity to acknowledge that he was wrong. I am sure that when the Judge himself was in error, he was frank, on discovering it, to avow the fact. One day in the Moot Court, a student, arguing a case before him, said: "My next authority will be one which your Honor will not be disposed to question—a decision by Mr. Justice Story, of the United States Supreme Court." "I beg your pardon," said the Judge, bowing; "but that opinion by Mr. Justice Story is *not* law."

It was well observed by Charles Sumner, in his eulogy on Judge Story, that any just estimate of the man and his works must have regard to his three different characters—as a judge, as an author, and as a teacher. When we look at his books only, we are astonished at his colossal industry: it seems almost incredible that a single

mind, in a single life, should have been able to accomplish so much. His written judgments on his own circuit, and his various commentaries, occupy twenty-seven volumes, and his judgments in the Supreme Court of the United States form an important part of thirty-four volumes. Rightly does Mr. Sumner characterize him as the Lope de Vega, or the Walter Scott, of the Common Law. With far more truth might it be said of him than was said by Dryden of one the greatest British lawyers:

"Our law, that did a boundless ocean seem,  
Was coasted all and fathomed all by him."

Besides all his legal labors, he delivered many discourses on literary and scientific subjects, wrote many biographical sketches of his contemporaries, elaborate reviews for the "North American," drew up learned memorials to Congress, made long speeches in the Massachusetts Legislature, contributed largely to the "Encyclopedia Americana," prepared Reports on Codification, etc., and drafted some of the most important Acts of Congress. The secret of these vast achievements was ceaseless, methodical industry, frequent change of labor, and concentration of mind. He economized odd moments bits and fragments of time, never overworked, and, when he worked, concentrated upon the subject all the powers of his intellect. Add to this, that his knowledge did not lie in undigested heaps in his mind, but was thoroughly assimilated, so as to become a part of his mental constitution. His brain was a vast repository of legal facts and principles, each one of which had its cell or pigeon-hole, from which it was always forthcoming the instant it was wanted.

No other American lawyer or jurist has so wide-spread a European fame. His legal works, republished in England, are recognized as of the highest authority in all the courts of that country; and his Commentary on the Law of Nations—embodying the es-

sence of all similar works, as well as the fruits of his own deep thinking—a work of enormous labor, upon a most intricate and perplexing theme—has been translated into many European languages, and is cited as the most exhaustive discussion of the subject. Yet—such is fame—this man whose name had crossed the Atlantic, and was on the lips of the profoundest jurists of the Old World, had comparatively little reputation in his lifetime among his own countrymen. Men immeasurably inferior to him, intellectually and morally, overshadowed him in the public mind. And yet no man was more susceptible to merited praise than he. While he despised flattery, and could detect the least taint of it with the quickness of an instinct, his heart was yet as fresh and tender as a child's, and he felt neglect as keenly as the bud the frost. Not soon shall I forget the good humor, mingled with a sensibility that could not be concealed, with which he told the following story of himself, illustrating the saying that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country":

"One day I was called suddenly to Boston, to attend to some business matters, and on my way thither I discovered that I had forgotten my pocket-book. It was too late to return, and so when the omnibus halted at the Port (Cambridgeport, half-way between Old Cambridge, the Judge's residence, and Boston,) I ran hastily into the neighboring bank, and asked to be accommodated with a hundred dollars. The cashier stared at me as if he thought me insane; but I noticed that he particularly scrutinized my feet; and then he coldly informed me that he had not the pleasure of recognizing me. I immediately told him my name, supposing that it might have reached, at least, the limits of my own place of residence. He still kept his eyes upon my feet, and finally, as I was about to leave, more chagrined than disappointed, he re-

quested me to step back, adding that he would be pleased to accommodate me. Upon my inquiring the reason of his delay, he replied, 'Sir, I have never heard your name before, but I know you must be a gentleman *from the looks of your boots.*' The unction and perfect good humor with which the Judge told this anecdote, and the joyous laugh with which he concluded it—aside from the absurdity that such a man should be judged of by his material *understanding*—were irresistible. We need not add, that his pupils laughed, as Falstaff says, "without intervallums"—till their faces were "like a wet cloak ill laid up."

I have spoken of Judge Story's wit. Like Cicero, Burke, Erskine, and many other great lawyers, he loved a keen witticism, and did not consider it beneath his dignity to perpetrate a telling pun. Once at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner, Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, gave as a toast: "The legal profession: however high its members may climb the ladder of fame, they can never reach *one Story.*" The shouts of applause which greeted this sally were redoubled when Judge S. jumped up and responded with the following: "Applause follows the footsteps of fame where *- ever it* (Everett) goes."

I doubt if any teacher ever loved his pupils more deeply, or was more universally loved by them, than the subject of this article. In the success of his "boys," as he called them, both at the school and in their after life, he felt a profound interest; their triumphs were his triumphs, and their failures caused him the keenest pain. The tact with which he adapted himself to the various temperaments and idiosyncrasies of his pupils, and the patience with which he bore any one's dulness, were also remarkable. I remember that one day a somewhat eccentric and outspoken student from Tennessee came to the Judge in the library of the Law School, and holding up an old folio, said: "Judge,

what do you understand by this here Rule in Shelley's Case? I've been studying it three days, and can't make anything of it." "Shelley's Case! Shelley's Case!" exclaimed the Judge, with a look of astonishment, as he took the volume and held it up before his eyes,— "Do you expect to understand *that* in three days? Why, it took *me* three weeks!"

One of the hobbies of Judge Story was the great blessings conferred on society by Courts of Equity, in remedying the defects of the Common Law. A favorite way of exposing these defects, was to put a case in which the inadequacy of the latter was strikingly apparent, and then naively ask the student: "Does it occur to you, Mr. —, where your remedy in such a case would lie?" The invariable answer, "In a Court of Equity, Sir," was so often repeated that it always provoked a smile from the students.

When a young lawyer, Judge Story published a volume entitled, "Solitude, and other Poems"—a literary venture which he deeply regretted in after life. Most of the pieces were of the kind which "neither men, gods, nor booksellers' columns can endure," and the dedication began—

"Maid of my heart, to thee I string my lyre."

Of this production few copies are extant—the author having bought up and destroyed all he could find. There are two copies in Harvard College Library. He also published a Fourth-of-July oration, which contained about the average number of "spread-eagles." The ease with which he rhymed is well illustrated by the following verses. Chancing to step into the office of the Salem "Register," just as the first number was about to be issued, he was asked by the editor to write a motto for that newspaper. Taking a pen, young Story dashed off the following impromptu:

"Here shall the press the people's rights maintain,  
Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain:  
Here sacred truth her matchless precepts draw,  
Pledged to reason, to liberty and law."

## SLEEPING AND DREAMING.

BY E. M. SMALLEY.

THE ancients speculated upon the phenomenon of sleep with a good deal of acumen and curious learning; but, after all, their mythology, in styling it the "brother of Death," did about as much to explain its character as their philosophy did. And were it not so familiar to our experience—if we saw as little of sleep in our every-day life as we do of death—it would perhaps be as strange, though not so appalling, as the grim King of Terrors himself now is to us; and we should look upon its manifestations with a more respectful contemplation. If we imagine man as taking but one or two spells of sleep in the whole course of a lifetime, he may well be imagined an object of curiosity and wonder during his naps. Shakspeare, in one of his happy figures, alludes to it as

"The death of each day's life,—"

and the comparison of it to a temporary death, from which we arise renewed—re-created, in the fullest and best sense—is the more apt if it be taken as a type of a more glorious resurrection to a life eternal.

We know something of the animal economy—for instance, how digestion takes place and food is assimilated to blood, bone, muscle, etc.; and we know that different kinds of food visibly affect the form and functions of the body. But how sleep acts to renew the animal machinery, we do not know; though physiology has shown that it probably acts most immediately upon the brain. Hence many hold the theory that it is to the nervous system—of which the brain is the great centre or nucleus—what food is to the muscular apparatus. But in what

manner sleep affects us remains to be revealed, since it does not change the form, structure, or mechanical operations of the brain, nor even suspend its action—if thought be one of its functions—for we often think as intently in our dreams as in our waking hours.

What is sleep? We know that it is a physical want, recurring at certain intervals, the gratification of which is essential to the health and comfort of every living creature; that, forcibly deprived of it, we could not live long and should die a death of horrible torture, as has been proved by cruel experiments upon condemned criminals. We see that it works a peculiar change, for the time being, in the bodily powers; and we feel its influence on the operations of the mind. And this is about the extent of our knowledge of the mysterious condition termed sleep—the *vis inertia* of animal life, the want of which is perhaps as much evil as we could wish our worst enemy. Philosophers have found it no easy task to define or even describe it. One learned and accurate writer frankly avows that "it is easier to describe its phenomena than its nature"; while very many attempt to elucidate it by telling us what it is *not*. Upon this plan it may be called a temporary suspension of *something* in the animal organism—a something which we have no name for and cannot point out; for all the involuntary operations of the body in health (such as respiration, the circulation of blood, etc.) go on normally in sleep, though more slowly.

We do not know when we go to sleep; we cannot realize the precise moment when we pass from wakeful



consciousness to the land of dreams. And it is supposed by many psychologists that death comes upon us in the same way; that we never know the moment when we pass out of this life, any more than we remember being born into it, or realize precisely when we fall asleep. Experience, to be sure, teaches us to realize many times that we are sleeping and dreaming, and to measure pretty accurately the time we have slept. Some men, however, of strong constitution and *physique* "sleep faster," as it is termed, than others; and such persons usually require less sleep, *i. e.* fewer hours for repose, than they otherwise would—because, as is supposed, they actually take more in a given time. A learned English divine, in a nap which could not have exceeded two minutes in duration, dreamed that he had suffered captivity and all manner of hardships for *thirty years!* So vivid was his dream that he could hardly be persuaded that he had not slept for many hours. A contemporary journal has recently recorded an authentic instance of a person suddenly awakened by a few drops of cold water thrown in his face, who dreamed of the events of a whole lifetime, with all its mutations of joys and sorrows, which finally ended with a severe struggle in a lake into which he was thrown. The entire time taken up by this dream could not have exceeded two or three seconds! Dr. Carpenter cites a well-known instance of a clergyman who dropped asleep during the singing of the psalm just before the sermon. He had a long and vivid dream, and awoke dismayed and mortified, thinking that he must have kept his congregation waiting at least an hour. Reference to his psalm-book reassured him, however; he had only slept during the singing of a single line. Numerous such instances might be cited. In such rather uncommon cases the subjects may be said to sleep *fast*. This condition is often met with in disease, and is brought to the notice

of physicians by patients in fevers, or under the effects of narcotic stimulants. This wonderful eccentricity of the mind, this crowding of so many events into so short a space of time, has suggested that such is the existence of the soul in eternity; that it lives whole years upon years in each successive instant.

This consideration leads to a brief digression to note a somewhat cognate fact. It is found from the experience of persons who have been almost asphyxiated by drowning, that in the last very few moments of consciousness every event of life—scenes and circumstances long before forgotten—were pictured vividly to the mind; not in their consecutive order as they occurred, but laid before the mind's eye, as it were on a map, so that each event could be seen at a glance, apart by itself, in its proper location in the history of the individual. Even the minutest trifles, the little events of tender infancy, were brought accurately to mind and clearly defined, as if they were but of yesterday; life, in fact, is lived over again.

It is a very common supposition, and has been laid down by high authority, that bright intellects require less sleep than duller ones; that a propensity to sleep much rather betokens a meaner order of mind. Upon the whole, this is hardly a sound proposition. Many men of acute and vigorous minds require from eight even to ten hours of repose in every twenty-four, and are not in good working order upon less; while many realize enough rest in from five to six hours' sleep daily. Indeed, if there can be any reasoning from analogy in such matters, we should suppose that the more active the mind is, the more repose is needful to its health and comfort. If this is not so, we may account for it upon the ground that very active mental powers generally accompany, if they do not beget, too much energy and resolution to indulge in the sleep they would natu-

rally and otherwise take; or else they realize more sleep than dull, indolent temperaments, in the same given time. Such minds are apt to wear out their bodies prematurely; if any die before their time comes, it is such as they.

In *healthy* sleep do we dream? Individual experiences vary so widely that no rule, even in most general terms, can be deduced from them. Much, no doubt, depends upon that obscure and as yet unexplained *status*, termed the *nervous* organism and *idiosyncracies* of individuals. Some strong, healthy constitutions rarely dream; others as rarely sleep without dreaming. It is urged that the mind should cease to act at all, in order to realize refreshing repose. But upon a closer investigation of the phenomena of sleep and dreams, it may fairly be doubted whether the mind ever stagnates—whether it actually wholly ceases to exercise some one or more of its many functions, till it sleeps in death.

Dr. Locke, in his "Essay on the Understanding," lays it down that we do not always think—in other words dream—during sleep, "because all of us are conscious of having no dreams during a considerable portion of the time we sleep, and some do not dream at all." This proposition has been disputed. It is asked, if we do not dream *always*, when do we begin to dream? When and how does an idea suddenly burst in upon the stagnated mind and set it off a-dreaming? According to Locke, the mind is for a time void of any ideas, when all at once an idea in some way enters it—pops in, so to speak—and dreams begin. It has been dogmatically asserted that in complete sleep the senses and all the powers of the mind are whelmed in oblivion; that such, in health, is the sleep of fatigue which is realized during the first few hours of repose; and that as the faculties are gradually more and more refreshed, first one and then another becomes active, and our dreams become more

and more fresh and vivid; and hence morning dreams are more rational. Much is due to habits of life. Such a theory may be partially true of laboring men, who exercise the body almost exclusively; but professional men and thinkers know to their great discomfort how different is the case many times. With the latter the first sleep is almost always the most fickle to court, the most difficult to realize, and the least refreshing. Many an eminent professional man in active business is known to the writer, whose only refreshing sleep is taken after three or four o'clock in the morning. And, moreover, it is every one's experience that dreams are present in the early hours of night as commonly as at any time. It is dangerous to lay down laws in a matter where the evidence is so conflicting. Indeed, it may be said to be impossible to deduce any laws on this subject, to which hundreds of individual exceptions may not be found among one's own acquaintances.

It would be out of place, in an essay like this, to go into an extended research to elucidate the mysteries of somnolent life, and more so to use terms in their technical acceptance among metaphysicians and psychologists. While neither will be attempted, it may be proper to suggest a brief explanation, in plain every-day terms, of one or two points which have excited considerable study and discussion—but which, unfortunately, too often require professional aid to explain the "explanation," owing to the use of technical terms affected by the learned.

In dreamless sleep, as it is termed (not admitting that there can be any such condition), it may be that a certain class of functions which we may term re-collective, or the *memory*, lie dormant; while another class—the reflective powers, or *volition*—are more or less awake and active. When in complete possession of both sets of faculties, we are said to have our reason. The absence of one or the other

set characterizes sleep, and often insanity.

So the comparison of dreaming sleep to waking insanity is not so startling as may at first seem. Dr. Rush, without giving any particular reasons, says that "a dream may be considered as a transient paroxysm of delirium, and delirium as a permanent dream." The mind dreams; what is above termed volition is awake and more or less active, while memory lies inert. Such an hypothesis explains why one who talks in sleep, who utters long and coherent sentences, and even replies correctly and rationally to questions, never remembers the dream nor the least word uttered in sleep. A prominent lawyer of the writer's acquaintance was once astounded to find, upon the trial of an important cause, that his adversary counsel was in possession of a "professional secret" which he had every reason to believe was known only to his client and himself. It was of every importance to the client to preserve the secret, and he had been warned to be silent; and the lawyer had never revealed it, nor so much as put it in writing. But by some mysterious trickery the secret had leaked out, and lawyer and client secretly suspected each other of treachery, notwithstanding the fact that it was for their joint interest to keep their own counsel most guardedly. The mystery of that case never was unfolded until the lawyer was married, a few months afterwards. His wife very soon found out that he had a habit of talking in his sleep; the peculiar faculty—rather undesirable in a professional man—of giving correct answers to questions put, in his sleep, and even of conversing on familiar topics, unconsciously and without the least remembrance of it afterwards. He then recalled the fact that he had had, about the time of the trial, a room-mate who, no doubt, knew of his infirmity and was unscrupulous enough to take advantage of it, and who thus probably extorted from him a confi-

dential secret which money could not have bought nor torture itself have wrung from him. He is convinced that such was the absolute fact; and mutual relations of confidence and respect are re-established between himself and his injured client. Upon the same hypothesis the dreams of sleep-walkers—or, more technically speaking, somnambulists—may be assigned to that class. They will do things in sleep of which they have no knowledge and cannot recall the least flicker of memory afterwards, whatever may have been its condition during their nocturnal vagaries. Probably, however, memory lay dormant and inert for a long time, as examples show.

Without here attempting any very technical or minute classification, somnambulists may be divided into two general classes:—first, those who do in sleep what they have been *accustomed* to do or to see done while awake; second, those who do *unaccustomed* and strange things, or different things at different times, and sometimes entirely beyond their natural powers. The second class present the most wonderful and inexplicable features. They will incur dangers which would dismay them, and undergo labors and fatigues under which they would break down, if awake; or, again, will exhibit a mental power far beyond their natural ability. The second class, then, may be sub-divided into those who put forth either preternatural physical, or mental, powers; for they very rarely, and perhaps never, manifest both. To illustrate by example: The writer once knew a young man whose daily duty it was to pump water to supply a herd of cattle. He would frequently get up in his sleep to do his work. One night he set his half-barrel used for the purpose too far from the pump-spout, and consequently it would not fill. He looked into it from time to time, but the result not being what he expected, he resumed his labor at the pump. In this

way he worked for an hour or so, until he was finally led back to bed. Now in this case he acted mechanically; the body obeyed the will, merely, but the other faculties were so dormant that he could see no connection between cause and effect—he could not see why the vessel did not fill as usual. So, too, of a somnambulist utterly unable to open a door which was fastened in an unaccustomed manner, although he had a bright light in hand and had only to shove a bolt which was in plain sight, but *in a new place*. Numerous like instances might be cited, more wonderful, and ludicrous even—if there can be anything funny in such mysterious manifestations. Hardly any person has not seen or known of similar cases of somnambulism. It may be urged that the sleep accompanied by such vagaries is not and cannot be healthy, refreshing sleep; that there is some disturbance or some abnormal condition of the great nervous centre, the brain, which thus betrays itself. But in many cases which have been very closely and scientifically investigated, no abnormal symptoms could be detected.

But with the second class of subjects (those who, according to the distinction above made, do unaccustomed or strange acts) the case is different. They often plainly betray ill health, or mental suffering, or something abnormal. Such noctivagants, too, seem frequently to be possessed of what mesmerists term *clairvoyance*; or rather, one kind of clairvoyance. They have been known to make their way in total darkness, over and amongst serious obstacles, or to go into exposed and highly dangerous places, as well and as safely as they could have done in broad daylight, and much more fearlessly than they could have done at any time while awake. They have been known to write by the hour together in the night and without the aid of any artificial light or guide whatever. The writer knew a student in college who would in his

sleep write out translations from the classics or solve mathematical problems, and carry on other protracted and difficult mental operations, in a room so dark that objects were not visible to others within arm's reach! Such performances were almost habitual to him, especially after fatigue or too close application to study; and he was wholly unconscious of all that he did in that state. His health, however, was always indifferent, and he did not survive his twenty-third year. How such subjects are supplied with the necessary vision, how they are enabled to do things wholly impossible to their conscious condition, we may never know till that Day when all secrets shall be revealed, and every mystery of human life unfolded before us. A similar condition seems to exist in certain forms of delirium, in which the sufferers see visions which are fearful realities to them, and will go through with mental operations to which their natural normal powers are wholly inadequate.

There are other instances of what we have termed clairvoyant somnambulism, more wonderful still. For example, illiterate and ignorant persons have been found who were able to write and speak and even converse learnedly in sleep, in languages of which they knew not a syllable nor a letter at any other time. An instance of this character is recorded and abundantly vouched for, where an ignorant, unlettered servant girl would, while asleep, repeat entire pages of Homer's Iliad and sometimes Latin poetry, and again passages from the Hebrew Bible, correctly, occasionally construing and explaining the text; and all this without the books or any possible guide to aid her. She was wholly unconscious of her condition or powers, and of all that transpired on such occasions. She was known to be wholly unable to read or comprehend a word of the languages in her waking hours; and it was proved beyond all doubt or question, that

there was no collusion with others whereby she was enabled to commit her tasks to memory (supposing such a thing possible), for the purpose of repetition afterwards, or in any other way to practice deception. It was ascertained subsequently, however, that while quite young she had lived a few years in the family of a learned linguist, who took young men into his house to train in the languages; and it was conjectured that her memory had become impressed, unconsciously, by overhearing their lessons recited and discussed, as she did almost daily; and this conjecture was strengthened by the fact that she sometimes repeated the same things on different occasions. She seemed annoyed with her uncoveted gift; and always most solemnly asseverated that she was not conscious of any such impression made upon her, either at the time or ever afterwards; and neither bribes, persuasions, nor threats could elicit a single sign of her singular linguistic powers while awake. Judged by her ordinary capacities—which were below the average—it was probable that she told the truth. Another authenticated instance is recorded, of an illiterate person, who, while asleep, wrote an elegant “flowing” handwriting, whose ordinary hand was slow, cramped, and hardly legible. It was remarked that the vicarious penmanship was not always the same, and the spelling and grammar betrayed great want of education.

It will hardly do to say that the mind does not dream in such sleep, merely because somnambulists, sleep-talkers, and some others, do not remember so doing. They give evidence of the most methodical kind of dreaming. The fact would seem to be that when the memory lies supine, volition takes the command. The mind dreams as much as ever, and the tongue or the body—as the case may be—obeys mechanically the direction of the will, while memory is too inert to take any note of what

transpires. In short, the body does what the mind dreams. On the other hand, when the memory is active enough to receive and retain impressions of thought, volition sleeps inert; and as it exercises no controlling power, the other mental faculties (whatever they may be—it is not attempted to define them) wander about and operate as they please; and hence we have an incongruous jumble of ideas. An irresponsible and uncontrolled fancy strings our thoughts together hap-hazard, helter-skelter, without law or order; and we dwell for a time in mental anarchy. Or if we do have a long methodical dream, it is only the result of mere chance; it so pleased the fancy, or the thoughts themselves, to march for a little time in regular consecutive order.

It is by no means to be deduced from all this, that because somnambulism implies a temporary oblivion, the converse necessarily follows—that because the memory sleeps, the sleeper must necessarily be somnambulant; for that condition is, comparatively, very rarely met with, while the other is very common in so-called dreamless sleep.

The research and revelations of science rather lead to the conclusion that memory and volition seldom or never yield both of themselves to the allurements of sleep at the same time. In some individuals of very lymphatic temperament, the faculties may be all so supine and inactive in sleep, as to make little demonstration; in short, their minds are too lazy to dream vividly and remember much about it. And in comatose conditions—for example, in the stupor of long exposure to extreme cold, or of *narcosis*, etc., which results fatally if indulged in—probably all the faculties are pretty much submerged. But in ordinary healthy sleep, it may be fairly concluded that either memory or volition stands sentinel, as it were, either to receive and record or to take hold of

and direct matters; and rarely lie down together in repose.

This brings us to a consideration of those dreams which—to distinguish from the class already illustrated—may be called passive; in which volition surrenders and memory is alert. We will not here attempt more than a glance at some of their more remarkable manifestations, without much effort at logical method or classification. Of such dreams, one of the most remarkable characteristics is the absence of surprise—no matter how astounding or unnatural may be the events or sights imagined. Nothing seems absurd to us in dreams, however monstrous or impossible. We are sometimes puzzled for the moment, to account for passing events; but we never doubt the fact of their existence, nor feel astonishment at the manner or order of their presentation to our minds—although they may be utterly at variance with the laws of nature. We have a striking instance of this in visions of the dead. We see and converse with people who have been dead for years; still we never ask them nor ourselves how it happens that we meet again here. A gentleman of the writer's acquaintance holds converse with the brute creation in sleep. A favorite horse complained to him once of maltreatment; and it was a singular coincidence that, upon investigation, he found that he had been correctly informed! While we are never surprised—at least so far as investigation has as yet informed us—we preserve a sense of joy and sorrow and horror in our dreams. We find ourselves amused at ridiculous situations and the incongruous juxtaposition of events, and awake laughing; and we as often are grieved to tears. The horrible inspires us with nameless fears and forebodings, especially in the vivid dreams of childhood. Almost every one of us can recall occasional frightful dreams in early youth, the memory of which will follow us to the grave.

Again, we very seldom and perhaps never dream of the past as having past. We dream of it as of the present—as recurring again; and particularly is this the case in regard to exciting events or vivid dreams which have deeply impressed the mind. Thus one will often dream of shocking sights once seen, or re-dream old visions. A participator in a frightful railway accident says that he frequently has to live through it again in his sleep; and another gentleman is most reluctantly compelled to witness the execution of a brace of condemned felons—whom, as an officer of the law, he was obliged to see hung in reality—whenever he over-indulges in eating or drinking unseasonably late.

The influence of external objects presented to the senses in sleep is sometimes very powerful. Shakspeare, probably the most sagacious delineator of the laws of human nature whom the world has ever held or beheld, recognizes this fact in his fanciful description of Queen Mab of the fairies—her equipage and her antics with the sleeping objects of her harmless whimsies. A step along the sidewalk, the murmur of distant conversation, the random notes of a musical instrument, will often give rise to a train of thought of the most fantastical character. Experiments recently made would seem to prove that the sense of hearing is the most acute, and that of touch the dullest, of any during sleep. This would seem to be a kind provision for our safety, since the hearing is the most liable to be affected, and so the first to warn us in the moment of danger. Because of this fact, a Chicago lady, whose nervous temperament is excitable, has been obliged to change her residence for an extreme suburb, on account of the noise of the steam whistles, which, heard in sleep, gave rise to dreaming vagaries of such a frightful character as to affect her health. In this connection, it may be noted that women



sleep less soundly than men, and are consequently more easily disturbed by noises. Every mother knows how quickly the moan of a child will arouse her from her deepest slumber, the instant it strikes her sensitive ear. Dreams with relation to the sense of sight are the most vivid of all; while, as before remarked, the sense of touch is least affected. This beneficent provision gives us an immunity from pain which we should not enjoy in disease were that sense as acute as the others; although we do sometimes dream of acute pain when we have it, but not otherwise.

Dreams of a prophetic or clairvoyant kind—by which latter term is meant dreams of events transpiring in distant places—are often marvellous. Superstition may frequently attach to them undue importance, sometimes attributing to them a supernatural origin and character. While there is no doubt that, many times, the fact that such dreams prove to be true is a mere coincidence—the result of chance, and nothing more,—and that we hear of and discuss such dreams, but never hear of the many which do *not* prove true; yet it is but truth to say that we have all of us heard dreams related by credible persons which almost seem supernatural, or at any rate not to be accounted for on rational principles. A gentleman of Chicago dreamed of the loss of the steamer "City of Boston" long before her loss was apprehended by her owners. A lady friend of the writer's lost a valuable jewel, doubly prized as the *souvenir* of a deceased only daughter. The most thorough search was made for it in vain. Some months after the loss, and after the devoted mother had entirely despaired of its recovery, she was informed in a clair-

voyant dream of its accidental hiding-place. On awaking she at once lit a lamp and went to the place—the cushions of a stuffed easy chair—where she found it, exactly where she had been told it was. In Northern Vermont, between twenty-five and thirty years ago, a dreadful murder was committed, by a wretch drowning his wife and her infant. The little lake or pond in which they were drowned was bounded on one side by a deep and almost impenetrable swamp. A very feeble woman—almost a bed-ridden invalid—who lived in the town, dreamed of going into this hideous morass and finding hidden in a hollow log, the bonnet, shawl, etc., of the murdered woman. She had had hardly any acquaintance with the victim, and had never been in the swamp in her life, nor even heard it described by others. Her dream was so impressive that she prevailed on her husband and neighbors to carry her into the swamp. She pointed out the exact course to be taken, for a distance of nearly *two miles*, recognized localities and objects as having been seen in her dream, and finally led to the identical hollow log where, indeed, were found the missing garments which supplied a link in the chain of testimony to convict the felon. The lady was accepted as an important witness on the trial, and her testimony is preserved. Hundreds of such instances of clairvoyant and prophetic or warning dreams might be cited, which have never been, as yet, accounted for upon rational philosophic principles. Whether they will ever be elucidated, or will remain forever the mysteries they are, remains to be seen as the world grows older.

## UNDER THE REIGN OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

BY JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

PRETTY much all I know of the epoch about which I am writing, I have gathered from the communications of a friend—an old German lady, whose father and husband and brother had all taken active part in the Napoleonic Wars.

I saw her one day, soon after war had been declared by Napoleon III. against William I., poring over a map of the field of hostilities.

"Do you recognize any of the places on the map?" I asked of her.

"Recognize them?" she exclaimed, in answer, her eyes lighting up, the color flushing to her face in spite of her threescore and ten years. "Recognize them! Metz, Thionville, Saarlouis—they are all as familiar as household words to me. My father was Colonel of the Second Regiment of Hessian *Landwehr*, and he lay before Saarlouis for some time in 1814; my oldest brother was only thirteen years old at the time, but he passed through the whole campaign with his father, as flag-ensign of the regiment. My husband, too (fifteen years old then, and not dreaming, probably, that he would ever see his Fatherland again, or one day marry him a wife), fought in the battle of Waterloo—he and many other youngsters, escaped from the Military School at Hanover. But they were not all as fortunate as he was, for the lieutenant's epaulettes and "decoration of merit" bestowed on him that day served amply to cover the gash that had been cut into his cheek by an enemy's sabre; while others had to be satisfied with a few shovelfuls of earth as a covering to their death-wounds.

"Looking at Saarlouis," she continued, pointing to the place, "brings

to my mind a story which my father told me once. During parade one morning, the enemy made a sortie from the fortress, and soldiers and officers hastened to take their place in battle-order. My father's horse was brought; but it had not been properly saddled, in the confusion and hurry of the first alarm, so that, when he put his foot into the stirrup, the saddle slipped around, and the animal broke away. Strange to say, it made directly for the enemy's lines; and the French soldiers capturing it, with loud cheers, immediately led their prize into the gate of the fortress."

"I heard so much of your father while in Germany," said I, "and his picture had something so strangely attractive to me, will you not tell me something about him, and about the time when your country was under the rule of the First Napoleon? Or does your memory not reach back so far?"

I knew this to be the most effective mode of *piquing* Madame into telling something of her early years. It was a matter of pride with her to say that she could distinctly recollect every event of her life, back to the time when she was three years old. Her next words were:

"When I was three years old"—(here I settled down comfortably on the carpet, with my back against the wall—for Madame sat bolt upright, with her hands laid one over the other before her, as she had been educated to sit by her *Hofmeisterin*, over fifty years ago, when her parents had aspired to placing her at Court as maid of honor to the Electress—and I knew that this promised well for an hour's entertainment)—"when I was three years old my father was stationed

at Hanau. We lived in one of those high, steep-roofed houses near the market-place. The nursery was in the second story, but I slipped away from my nurse one day, and went up into the next story, to look out of the window. Not satisfied with putting my head out—perhaps I could see nothing of the street because the windows were so deep—I climbed up on the sill, and sat with my feet hanging down outside. Pretty soon my father came across the market-place, and I called to him in high glee to tell him what a splendid seat I had. How he felt, I do n't know; but he spoke very pleasantly, and held up his parade-sword—a much-coveted treasure in my eyes—and said, 'Sit quite still, little mousie, just where you are, and I will come and bring my pretty sword for you to play with.' I was speedily brought in from my airy seat, and father is said to have wept like a child, for I was the first daughter, and his favorite all his life long. I am only telling you this to show you how far back I can remember.

"It was in 1804; and soon after the sound of the approaching footsteps of the 'Corsican Ogre' came nearer and nearer, making the earth quake and tremble in Germany, as it had quaked and trembled at his approach in the other countries which he had already subjugated. So rapid were his movements, that he would suddenly swoop down on places that were deemed well-defended and perfectly safe because of the troops stationed on the walls and in the city. And so it was in Hanau; when the alarm was given the city was already in possession of the enemy. My father was on the street, in full uniform, and he had to exert himself for dear life to escape and avoid being taken prisoner. There was an apothecary-shop at a street-corner, which had two doors; and he jumped into the door around the corner, before his pursuers could come up with him. Close to the apothecary's was the Barefoot Con-

vent; and this, like all buildings two or three centuries old, had underground passages connecting it with other places. One of these secret passages led into the cellar of the apothecary's; and before the soldiers could trace their intended prisoner to the apothecary-shop, all signs of his transit to the Barefoot Convent had been obliterated. A brother officer, Colonel Mollenhaupt, had taken refuge with the monks, before him, even; and together they made their escape the next day, dressed in the garb of the monks of the Barefoot order. In civilian dress he returned, after a time, to look after his family. Of course, our house had been searched for him; but mother could say, with clear conscience, that she knew nothing of his whereabouts. As to father, there was nothing for him to do but to accept the situation, and with it a position in the Westphalian service, under King Jerome's rule. You see, there was no longer any Germany: for those sovereigns and rulers whom Napoleon had not cast out from their possessions with the simple formula, 'Has ceased to reign,' were none the less under his sway; and their armies had simply to execute his commands. Under these circumstances it was a question of existence with my father, as well as with the officers of other Germanic princes, whether to serve in the Westphalian army or not. Not all were at liberty to do as the Duke of Braunschweig-Oels did, who went into voluntary exile after the peace-treaty of Tilsit, which had returned both Blucher and him to liberty, after having been prisoners of war for some time. This Duke Frederick William was the youngest son of the old hero, Charles Ferdinand, reigning Duke of Brunswick, who called himself the 'poor blind man,' after his eyes were shot out at Auerstadt, at the battle which was fought on the same day as the battle of Jena. Ah! my child, *those* were heroes—though they *did* die, some of them, as this old man

died, in exile, after flight from their own country. Napoleon seemed to have a particular spite against him—perhaps because he *was* brave and fearless, and would not bend his knee to him, as others had done. The poor blind man!

“For two years Frederick William, afterwards known as the ‘Black Duke,’ remained in his quiet retreat in the Tyrol; then, after his wife, a Baden Princess, had died, he came forth into the world once more, dressed in the sable garments which he wore in token of mourning for his country, as well as for the loss of his wife. During these two years, all that breathed or spoke of German mind, German heart, or German sentiment, had been trodden under foot and rooted out, till the German people had learned to acquiesce in every French tyranny, every foreign institution. Not that they had not struggled against invasion and oppression—indeed, had they not been divided among themselves and against each other, they need never have fallen victims to the tyrant’s power. Perhaps the most painful blow this tyrant struck the German people—the deepest humiliation he made them feel—was when he carried off their art-treasures from their towns and cities. Napoleon had come well prepared, not only as conqueror, but as spoiler of the conquered. In his retinue was a person whose sole business it was to hunt through public art-galleries and private museums for the works of art for the possession of which Germany was celebrated. Nothing was sacred to his greed—nothing safe from his grasping fingers. Paintings in the possession of private gentlemen, and statuary from market-places and public buildings, all must travel the same road—to Paris.

“My father in the meanwhile had been highly favored, through chance—or perhaps the intercession of some former companion-in-arms, who stood high in esteem with the new ruler; favored in this: that when he was *en*

*route* to Spain, with Napoleon’s army of occupation, a special order recalled him, and he was stationed in Halberstadt, and made Chief of the Recruiting Service. It was not treason to his new sovereign, I hope, that in this position he did all in his power to protect from the conscription-laws those who appealed to his heart through their utter helplessness or the ties of blood and friendship that bound them to him. Believe me, it was with bleeding heart that he mustered regiment after regiment into service, and sent them to the field of slaughter. The lad of sixteen, whose father had already fallen in the service of the oppressor, and whose mother was left childless as well as a widow; the man who had passed a long and useful life in the service of science; and the young, strong man, whose brains and muscles were needed to build up and plant the country devastated by many years’ war,—all, all were gathered together as the sheep, and driven to die by the bullet, by the black hunger, and the bitter cold.

“Among those drafted for Napoleon’s last disastrous campaign in Russia, was Cousin Christel—a light-hearted, pleasant-faced boy, the last remaining and youngest son of his mother. Though very many years my senior, he was my favorite play-fellow, and he taught me to climb the old stone-wall around the orchard, and gave me my first lessons in finding bird’s-nests and shooting arrows at the ripe pears on the old tree in the corner of our neighbor’s orchard. Poor fellow! When he was sixteen father took him into his office and passed him for fourteen; but with reprehensible perversity he commenced shooting up so fast that father feared the church-records might be searched, and then his true age would be discovered at once. All my aunt’s tears were in vain; the best my father could do was to put him under the command of an old friend of his, and he was soon on the march to Russia. ‘What became

of him?' *Er ist in Russland geblieben!* Ah, me! if you had heard that sentence as often as I have, you would understand how many thousand tears there are in it. Remained in Russia! The words are simple enough—but, child, they mean dreadful things: they mean long, long days of suffering and terror and cruelty; they mean death a thousand times over—death from cold, from hunger, from unheard-of-yearning for home and for a last look at mother, father, wife, and child.

"The old Major in whose command Christel had gone, was one of the few who returned from Russia; and for a long time he would tell us nothing of the boy except that he had 'remained behind.' At last he told us more about him. The boy had so far grown into his heart, with his affectionate disposition and cheerful ways, that the old Major would not leave him behind, when he fell over backward into the snow one night, on the return-march, standing over the fire made of their broken-down forage wagon. With his own stiff fingers he rubbed him and shook him, and forced into his mouth little pieces of the frozen liquor he found in the bottom of a cask. He succeeded in rousing him; and when the fire had burned down he led the snow-blind boy further on, the same night, hoping to be able to overtake a larger body of troops. Fatigue, finally overpowered both; and Cousin Christel no longer breathed when daylight came. 'It was just as well so,' the old Major added, grimly, 'for he would not have lived through the horrors of the crossing of the Beresina.' We children used to say that the Major's brain had been frost-bitten. I think we were right—poor old fellow! My hair would stand on end sometimes, when the Major gave us descriptions and sketches of the last terrible catastrophe—the breaking of the bridge over the Beresina——"

"Oh, dear!" I ejaculated.

"What is it?" asked Madame; "does it frighten you to hear of it?"

"It is n't that. I only thought—I mean—well, the fact is, I always thought the Beresina was a mountain, or a chain of mountains. I guess that river was n't in the geography we had at *our* school." I was sorry after I had said it. Madame seemed to feel such keen commiseration for me, and for our faulty American institutions, that I deeply regretted having cast a doubt on our reputation for national learning in order to hide my individual ignorance.

But I suspect the interruption was rather welcome than otherwise to Madame. She was never happy for any length of time unless she had a crocheting, tatting, or embroidering of some kind in her hand. Not being addicted to any of these feminine vices myself, the swift, flying motion of the shuttle annoyed me exceedingly; and I did not hesitate to use a little strategy to possess myself of the work. I knew that if I could only bring Madame to resume her story while I held it, I could slyly drop the thing out of sight without her noticing it or giving it further thought.

"So the bridge over the Beresina broke?" I asked, narrowly inspecting the little loops, big loops, feather-edge and pearl-edge of the intricate fabric.

"Yes, on the twenty-eighth of November, while the Russians and Cossacks were throwing shell and grape into the straggling, pressing, rushing fugitives, the bridge broke—precipitating men and horses, wagons and guns, into the ice and water below, till the current was actually choked by the mass of struggling, writhing, dying beings, and the remainder of the host passed on to the other shore over the bridge made of the bodies of their wretched comrades. How could it be helped? The countless legions that had been surging up and down along the banks of the river for days had but one thought, but one aim—to escape the piercing cold of the enemy's land and the galling wounds of the enemy's

fire. The host kept crowding and pressing on; how could those thousands, forming the rear-guard of the doomed, demoralized army, know that a watery grave had opened to receive them?

"It was this campaign that broke Napoleon's power effectually; but if I said awhile ago that the German people lay quiet in their chains, I said too much. They, too, had struggled to break their chains—at least, a portion of them had risen in arms against the usurper's power. Free-corps, such as that commanded by Schell, had sprung into existence, and might possibly have broken Napoleon's power in Germany years before the Russian campaign, had but the Germans risen in unison with them, instead of doing battle against them at Napoleon's behest, in Napoleon's interest.

"The most formidable of these free-corps was the one headed by Frederick William of Braunschweig-Oels. It was called the Black Corps, because soldiers and leader were dressed in black from head to foot—a death's-head device on their black caps, and the cavalry part of the corps mounted on black horses. The reason why I know more of this corps than of any of the others is, that they forced their way through Halberstadt while my father was stationed there, and I was of an age then when extraordinary events make the deepest impression on the childish mind. It seems that the Duke of Oels had received information (it proved false, however) that troops were coming from England to strengthen his force; and his design was to make his way to the Weser, and from there to the point at which they were expected to land. He had only two thousand men, and he had to pass through an enemy's land—for Germany was virtually such to him.

"Toward the last of July, 1809, the Black Duke with his corps reached Halberstadt. Three thousand men,

Westphalian troops, had reached the city the day before; for King Jerome had been apprized of the Black Duke's undertaking, and had laid plans to capture him and his whole band. The citizens of Halberstadt knew nothing of the Duke's approach, or the purpose for which fresh troops had been sent to their city. Though several companies of mounted men had been sent against the corps, in the hope of annihilating it before it could enter the city, the first warning the people had of the approaching battle was a shell bursting in the streets, at about five o'clock in the afternoon. All was consternation and alarm; the gates were closed and barricaded, and the people hid in cellars and garrets and wherever they thought to find a safe place. My father was away, helping defend the gates of the city; and my mother, with the nurse and the children, were huddled together in the safest corner of the house. Night came on, and we could see the red glowing shells flying in all directions, and crossing each other in mid-air sometimes, for they had planted guns at the different gates of the city.

"All the Duke of Oels had asked was a quiet passage for himself and his men through the city. He could not avoid the city—there was no way of passing around it; and what was denied his petition, was compelled at the point of the sword. For, with the tramp of cavalry through the streets, the roar of artillery and musketry, and the groans of the wounded and the dying, another sound was soon heard; the cry that the Black troops had stormed one of the gates and were rushing into the city. Still the red-hot shot continued to fly, illuminating the sky with fearful brilliancy, and scattering death and destruction through the streets of the sorely-pressed city; and when at last the sable soldiers broke into the gates in large masses, the carnage was terrible—Germans against Germans. They



seemed to take a fiendish delight in slaughtering each other; for even after the Commandant had yielded himself prisoner, and the city was declared in the hands of the Black Corps, little bands of Westphalian soldiers would barricade themselves behind the ruins of the fallen city gates, and refuse to lay down their arms, till they were cut to pieces. Well might these Black men, with the death's-head grinning down from their caps, have seemed so many demons to my child's mind.

"Still no other result than gaining a passage through the city had been achieved by all the bloodshed and carnage of that day. To be sure, the people of Halberstadt, their patriotism once aroused, predicted brilliant things for the Black Duke and the German people. The Black Corps they fancied was to march directly on Cassel; Jerome was at once to be captured, and the kingdom of Westphalia to be abolished. No one knew better than the Duke himself that these expectations could not now, and perhaps never, be realized; the sun of freedom was not yet to rise—only a few faint rays of the coming dawn were struggling up on the horizon. All honor to the Duke of Oels! From Halberstadt he went on, made sadder by the loss of some of his bravest men, but continuing in his efforts, till forced to fly from overwhelming numbers, and seeking a retreat in England, until the standard of German liberty was once more raised, and he laid down his life on the battle field of Quatre Bras, fighting for the Fatherland and freedom.

"Not long after the Duke's passage through Halberstadt, my father was ordered to Brunswick; and there we remained till the final crash came, in 1813. Swiftly and silently as the first soldiers of Napoleon's army had broken in upon us in Hanover eight years before, just so suddenly and unexpectedly the Cossacks, the advance-guard of the Army of Liberation, came on us

in Braunschweig, in 1813. My personal recollections of this event are these: The convent school I visited at that time, lay on the *Schlossberg*; and one afternoon the prioress announced very unexpectedly that we were dismissed, and must go home as fast as our feet could carry us. Glad of the holiday, we scampered off; but what was our horror on encountering a band of fierce-looking men, carrying long lances and mounted on shaggy ponies, cantering up the steps leading to the *Schlossberg* just as nimbly as though every one of the horses was possessed of human feet. Of course we screamed in terror, but the savages did not heed us—they were probably chasing different game. The servant whose business it was to take me to school and home again, had been among the first prisoners made; and another band of Cossacks was even then hunting down my father. Knowing from his uniform that he would be a desirable prize, they had given chase till an unfortunate *gendarme* had run into their way. *Gendarmes* they hated above all other mortals; and immediately half a dozen of them were howling in pursuit of him. Again my father was fortunate enough to escape his pursuers, and it happened in this wise: You remember, my dear, how high up in the wall the windows are, in the older German houses? Well, you must remember also the little throne or raised platform found in front of these windows, on which chairs are placed, and the workstands or coffee-tables of the ladies? Under one of these platforms my father was hidden, in the house of a citizen; and when the Cossacks broke into the house, digging their sharp lances into the sofas, cloth-presses, and featherbeds, they passed unsuspectingly by the sitting-room where the lady of the house was seated on the platform, some knitting in her hand, and looking out of the window, at the turmoil in the street below.

"Again father fled in disguise; this time to Halberstadt, where mother and the children joined him. Napoleon's reign was over; and those who but yesterday had been his subjects and allies, were to-day flocking back to their proper rulers and countries, to unite, as they should have done years ago, in giving foreign rule the death-blow."

Madame now turned to take the tatting and shuttle from my hand.

"A very pretty piece of work," I said, abstractedly.

"Yes," assented Madame; but added, ruefully:

"It has not grown a single stitch all the time you have held it in your fingers."

## ART IN CHICAGO.

BY GEORGE P. UPTON.

IT would perhaps be impossible in the limits of a magazine article to present all the details appertaining to art in Chicago; and we can only hope in this paper to indicate some of the more prominent data and incidents of its progress during the past ten years; for, prior to 1860, art had neither local habitation nor name here. We shall therefore be historical rather than critical; chroniclers rather than art-philosophers. For art in Chicago has not yet reached that standard which can form a distinctive school, neither has it assumed that important position which gives it commanding influence or the right of dictation. It shows progress—and progress, we think, in the right direction. But there yet remains a great work to do, to get our home-artists out of the ruts into which they have wandered, principally from the lack of competition; and a still greater work, to educate the people up to the intelligent standard of appreciation and criticism. That the artistic growth of Chicago—by which we mean art, as expressed on the canvas and in the marble, not in music (for in this branch progress has been surprising)—should have been slow, is not to be wondered at. "Art is long." Art is one of the latest fruits of civilization,

and thrives best in the midst of wealth and cultivated leisure. And when that leisure is marked by culture and not mere effeminate luxury, then art reaches its highest and healthiest degree of prosperity. Chicago is young. The efforts of her people have been confined to laying the material foundations of metropolitan success. Great public works must be accomplished, looking to the good of the whole population. Sanitary, educational, and religious measures must be perfected. The commercial basis of the city must be established; and to do this, those who have money and time must devote both to canals, railroads, banks, and the improvement of our great water highways to Eastern markets. These things are imperative necessities, and must be accomplished first; and to do this requires years of time. Meanwhile art must be content to crawl like the snail, until the era of culture and leisure sets in and men can find opportunities to grow critical as well as commercial, and wealth accumulates to that degree that a portion of it can be spared for the beautifying of our homes and public institutions. Comparatively we stand to-day in art where New York and Boston stood thirty years ago. The test of this statement is

very simple. Our auction-rooms drive a thriving business in the sale of the most atrocious daubs, turned out by hundreds and thousands from Eastern factories, and set off in highly burnished frames; while one of the finest *genre* paintings in the world, which created surprise and provoked admiration in the old art-centres of Europe—Erskine Nicol's "Paying the Rent"—recently remained in Chicago for two or three weeks at Mr. Fassett's atelier, without attracting a handful of visitors; scarcely recognized indeed by our own artists, who might have found in it ample opportunity for the study of color and figure-painting, in neither of which respects is there yet a high standard of art here. While the entire energies of a people are consumed in the accumulation of wealth and the building-up of a city, it is useless to expect any considerable degree of success in art or any very remunerative patronage of it. Undoubtedly many men have surplus wealth and leisure enough in Chicago to become patrons of art, but there is an obstacle in the way in the fact that they are not yet possessed of sufficient art-intelligence to distinguish between the good and the bad. They encourage false artists rather than the true. They are the dupes of every shrewd trickster in art and every unprincipled vender of pictures and articles of *virtu*. Consequently the real artist must suffer and bide his time.

But in the face of these obstacles it is cheering to know that art has made some progress, commencing as it did in an Art-Union distribution in 1860, and culminating in an Academy of Design which is destined to do a great work, if its officers are true to the principles of its organization and labor sincerely and energetically for the popular good. They have no ordinary responsibility upon their shoulders. They can, by properly directed effort, place art upon a sure basis, or they can undo all that has been done during the past ten years. It not only belongs

to their province to afford students and young men and women of artistic tastes the best possible opportunities to improve themselves in practice and to so shape and mould them that they shall develop into real artists; but they must also, by means of popular lectures from experienced practical men, and by the exhibition of none but meritorious works of art at a reasonable remuneration, educate the whole people. It would be still better if the Academy could make its gallery free; but that is probably impossible, as the very existence of the Academy is a financial experiment not yet tested, and the conditions under which artists contribute their works must prevent a gratuitous exhibition. This does not, however, bar the fact that a free gallery is the best possible means of public education in art; and we by no means despair of seeing the time when the munificence of some individual or number of individuals shall establish such a gallery, filled with really meritorious works of art, and made permanent and forever free in its nature. H. C. Lewis, Esq., of Coldwater, Michigan—a gentleman not only of wealth and taste, but of public spirit—has done such a work for the State of Michigan. His gallery is by no means as perfect as it might be, but it is a magnificent commencement, conceived in a commendable spirit of liberality, and destined to achieve great results. His example is one which might be followed with profit in Chicago, where the opportunities are more numerous for procuring works of art. In the absence of such a gallery, however, the Academy of Design must be the popular educator; and as it has now obtained a new and elegant home of its own, with every convenience and resource for the fulfilment of its mission, it is to be hoped that its managers will so conceive and exercise their prerogatives as to commend themselves and their institution to the confidence of the artistic class of the community.

Although the progress of art has been slow in Chicago, the retrospect is a pleasant one; and it will therefore be interesting to recall a few facts in this progress. Prior to 1860, art had no establishment in Chicago, and Eastern artists would have smiled at any pretensions of ours in that direction. The change, however, has been a great one. During the recent visit of R. E. Moore, Esq., the well-known connoisseur, to obtain paintings for the November Exhibition of the Academy of Design, he not only had no difficulty in obtaining them, but he found the artists of New York and Boston eager to exhibit their new works for the first time in Chicago, and giving our Academy the preference over the National Academy. In December, 1860, art received its first healthy impulse in a "Distribution" by the Chicago Art-Union, at Hesler's Gallery, on Lake street. The circular reads: "The Art-Union has for its object the encouragement and advancement of Fine Art in the West, and the promotion of a true and discriminate taste in Painting and Sculpture." Several of our most prominent citizens—among them Hon. I. N. Arnold, Alexander White (whose gallery at Lake Forest is one of the finest, for its extent, in the country), Hon. J. M. Wilson, Thomas B. Bryan, Esq., Dr. C. V. Dyer, and S. H. Kerfoot, Esq.,—gave it standing and character by lending it the encouragement of their names; and numerous others gave to it a really artistic complexion by contributing pictures for exhibition, but not for drawing. It will be charitable not to speak of the works which were put up for gifts in the Distribution; but the paintings which were placed on exhibition were in many cases really fine works of art. As this was the first public exhibition of paintings in Chicago, it will be valuable as a matter of reference to place some of them on record. The best out of the one hundred and one works on the walls were the following:

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	OWNER.
<i>Mary at the Savior's Feet,</i>	Corbould,	Jas. Robb.
<i>Roco di Papa,</i>	G. L. Brown,	W. S. Gurnee
<i>A Spanish Pastoral,</i>	Bejavano,	"
<i>View on the Hudson,</i>	Kensett,	I. N. Arnold.
<i>Marshal Soult,</i>	Healy,	Artist.
<i>Rossiter,</i>	"	"
<i>Rt. Rev. Dr. Duggan,</i>	"	Bp. Duggan.
<i>Miss Sneyd,</i>	"	Artist.
<i>Prodigal Son,</i>	Couture,	Healy.
<i>Scene in the Catskills,</i>	Boutelle,	Dr. Cadwell
<i>Siege of Yorktown,</i>	Le Grand,	Artist.

Nearly all the home pictures in this collection were from the easels of Tracy and Strong, who, like the majority of our early artists, painted portraits, marines, landscapes, *genre* works, and still life, and all equally badly. The catalogue of this gallery is peculiarly interesting now, as it contains "The Fairy Whisper," one of the first works of the young sculptor, Rogers, who has since risen to such prominence by his modelling in clay. His first work, a horse drinking at a trough, made from clay which he obtained at the deserted lime-kilns in Bridgeport, in the scanty leisure which he obtained from the duties of the Comptroller's Office, is now, we believe, in the possession of the Chicago Historical Society. This was the first manifestation of art in Chicago, and all its progress dates from this exhibition. The Distribution accomplished nothing for the good of art; but the Exhibition was a great work for the time, and paved the way for others.

Two years later, art received a serious blow in the establishment of a gallery in connection with the Chicago Museum, made up from an invoice of pictures received from St. Louis and some works by our own artists which they were induced to contribute upon representation from its managers that they would effect a sale of them. They have remained there seven years, and still remain there for sale! The names of Stanford, Herring, Benjamin West Titian, Van Ostade, and Rembrandt Peale, were attached to the most worthless daubs and copies, which we believe are still visible in the Museum, and deceived many people who were not

connoisseurs. The damage inflicted by this gallery, however, was fairly overcome by the exhibitions upon the occasions of the First Sanitary Fair in 1863, and the Second in 1865. In some respects these have been the most admirable exhibitions ever made in Chicago, especially of paintings of the American school. In the first exhibition, Church, Healy, George L. Brown, Rossiter, Cropsey, Boutelle, George H. Hall, T. Addison Richards, William H. Beard, Inman, Durand, and Paul Weber, were represented by some of their best works; while among the foreign pieces were such pictures as Herring's "Going to the Fair," Professor Kretschmer's "Double Treat," Couture's "Prodigal Son," Monginot's "French Flower Garden," a group of dogs by Van der Bruga, an English landscape by Meadows, "Up the English Channel" by Diebold, animal pieces by Van Severdonk, and others. The crowning exhibition, however, was at the second fair, which gave us such pictures as Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," Leutze's "Departure of Columbus," Rothermel's "Patrick Henry," Louis Lang's "Soldier's Widow," Hamilton's "Capture of the Serapis," Innes's "Wreck," three or four animal pieces by Tait, some of Lambdin's best figure pieces, Shattuck's "Coming Shower," Le Clear's "Itinerants," some of De Haas's marines, Coleman's "Midsummer," Page's "Flight into Egypt," Casilear's "Coming Storm," Cropsey's "Vernon Valley," William Hart's "Summer Storm," Whittredge's "Rhode Island Coast," William H. Beard's "Fox Hunter's Dream," a Dutch landscape by Van Elten, three or four of Sonntag's characteristic landscapes, portraits by Huntington and Elliot, statuary by Palmer, Powers, and Volk, and ninety-two of the little Ruggles card pictures known as "gems"; while among the foreign artists represented were such names as Van Leben, De Brylant, Carl Hubner, Lamputner, Van Beest, Meyer von Bremen, De

Blois, Coutourier, and others. The collection was made up from private galleries in every part of the country, and served a grateful purpose in popular art-education. From this time until the disposal of the Opera House and the formation of the Art-Gallery connected with that structure, the auction-rooms were fairly flooded with pictures. The Sanitary Fair collections had created a taste for pictures and awakened a desire upon the part of our wealthy citizens to purchase. The Eastern manufacturers set their mills to work, and the most astonishing samples of art, with great names attached to them, were ground out by hundreds, if not thousands. Many of them found their way to our auction-rooms, and brought extravagant prices, principally based upon the condition of frame-burnishing and high colors on the canvas. One, two, and three hundred dollars were often paid for pictures not worth so much as the frames which held them. The evil, however, finally cured itself to a certain extent, although it prevails more or less to this day. It was not long before purchasers found out that they had been duped by shrewd travelling tricksters, and the auction-rooms gradually became deserted. The people, however, were none the less eager for pictures, and the want was partially supplied by many of our jewelry and picture-frame dealers, who established galleries in their stores and occasionally had really meritorious pictures for sale. The disposition of the Opera House by lottery did very little for art, as there were but few very excellent pictures in the collection, while the broadcast distribution of two or three very common engravings was an artistic outrage. The establishment of the Opera House Art Gallery, however, was a positive benefit. A glance at some of the pictures which have been exhibited upon its walls shows that it has commanded respect abroad, and has brought out some of the best pictures the Eastern and foreign studios

have ever produced; such pictures, for instance, as "The Christmas Tree," by Dieffenbach; the "Yo Semite Valley," by Bierstadt; "John Brown going to Execution," by Noble; "The Florentine Flower Girl," by De Curzon; "Mount Chimborazo," by Mignot, who died recently; "The Toilet," by Fagnani; "The Slave Mart," by Noble; "Farragut taking New Orleans," by De Haas; "The Return from Christening," by Van Elten; "In the Woods," by Whittredge; "The Last Gleam," by William Hart; "Orange County Scenery," by Brevoort; "Gem of the Forest," by Hope; "Woods in Autumn," by James M. Hart; portrait of Edwin Booth, by Le Clear; "Valley of the Esopus," by McEntee; "Recognition," by Constant Meyer; "Alpine Scenery," by Gignoux; "Deer on the Prairie," by Beard. This gallery has done a great work for art in Chicago. Although it has experienced a change of managers many times, there have always been opportunities for the study of good pictures on its walls. Its receptions have always been attended by large crowds of connoisseurs in art, and our own artists have been prompt in contributing to its collection. In fact, it has always been the most direct means of communication between the public and the artists; and in general has been administered with the view of fostering and encouraging home artists, and of creating a catholic taste for art. Although the Academy of Design has erected an elegant building in which it purposes to maintain a permanent gallery, we can hardly believe that the usefulness of the old gallery is at an end. On the other hand it seems to us that the spur of competition will only increase that usefulness.

On the eighteenth of March, 1867, the Academy of Design was instituted by a few artists and connoisseurs—among them Leonard W. Volk, H. C. Ford, Charles Knickerbocker, E. C. Davison, U. H. Crosby, Conrad Deihl,

William Cogswell, J. C. Cochran, Walter Shirlaw, A. Bradish, J. F. Gookins, Charles Peck, P. Fische Reed, and others. These gentlemen met and framed a Constitution, the first two sections of which succinctly state its name and purpose:

SECTION 1. This Association shall be named and known as "THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF DESIGN," and located in the city of Chicago, State of Illinois.

SEC. 2. Its main object shall be the encouragement of the true and the beautiful in the Arts of Design; and its duties shall be to extend all possible encouragement and protection to the interests of the Artist, the Fine Arts, and its votaries.

The membership of the Academy was divided into four classes, namely: Academicians, or those who had claims to rank as artists; Associates, who were art-students; Honorary Academicians, or persons of eminent ability in some branch of art; and Fellows of the Academy, or persons interested in art and its advancement. The Academy at once took rooms in the Opera House, and instituted schools in the various branches of art, such as Drawing, Antique, Costume, and Nude Life, and made rapid progress in the practical details of its management. Article III. of the Constitution provides that:

All the receipts of moneys arising from exhibitions, fees of membership, donations, and from other sources, over and above the expenses of the Academy, shall be devoted to the purchase of works of art and books, for the formation of a permanent gallery and art-library, the purchasing or leasing of a lot of ground, and the erection of suitable buildings thereon; all of which shall be the property of the Academy.

Probably no member of the Academy at that time ever dreamed that the day would come so speedily when a permanent gallery would be formed. The rooms in the Opera House, however, rapidly became too small for their necessities. They were not only cramped in school accommodation, but there was no room at all for exhibition, as the gallery was in constant use. At first a proposition was made to the Library Association to erect a building conjointly; but the Library Associa-



tion was out of funds, and besides was much too conservative and slow in its movements to suit the enterprise of the Academy, and so the members determined, trusting in their own strength and confident in the goodwill of the community, to go ahead and make for themselves a local habitation and a name. This they have accomplished. They not only have an elegant structure externally, but ample studio room, and a gallery which in dimensions, arrangement, and light, is excelled by none in the country. At this writing the prospects are that the November exhibition of paintings, which inaugurates the new building, will be one of the finest, of American pictures at least, ever made in the United States. The arrangements for lectures also are such as will interest every one in the community who has the best good of art at heart; while the practical details in reference to students have been made upon the most generous and liberal scale. The Academy has a great work to do, for upon it now rests the burden of the art-education of this community, if not of the entire West. The field was never more encouraging. The people are ready to patronize art. Our own artists are making rapid improvement in their profession, and the facilities for bringing good pictures here were

never better. With such artists of our own as Ford, Elkins, Bigelow, Reed, Drury, Gookins, and Shirlaw, in landscape; Gollman, Phillips, Pickering, and Coggsell, in portraits; Holst, in marines; Conrad Diehl, in historical work, and Volk in sculpture; with the Eastern artists standing ready to contribute, and even giving Chicago the preference; with an Academy thoroughly organized, and with a public ready to patronize, there seems to be no reason why art should not now advance in a legitimate direction. The question of success, as we have said, rests largely with the Academy. Whatever else its managers may do, we hope at least that they will rigidly enforce their determination to exclude every bad picture from their walls. Encourage the love of what is true and beautiful, by placing it always before the people. If they do not understand it to-day, they will to-morrow. One bad picture, misleading by a meretricious subject or mere display of color and sensational treatment, may ruin many good ones. There is no good reason why Painting and Sculpture should not stand side by side with Music, Architecture, and the Drama, in Chicago. The people are ready to be instructed. The Academy of Design, if true to its purpose, will furnish that instruction.

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## THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

BY J. HAUGHTON.

**A**LTHOUGH the energy and intelligence of the American press is undoubtedly great—though its enterprise and lavish expenditure for telegraphic news of the present European war has been the admiration of Europe—yet we have not seen in the journals of either the East or the West, any comprehensive account of the

fortifications of Paris, any history of their conception, or any statement of their length, breadth, or dimensions, sufficiently accurate to enable the untravelled reader to form a just estimate of the probabilities of a successful assault or a prolonged defence. It was on the third of September that the victorious Prussians commenced their

onward march from Sedan upon the French capital; on the twentieth of the same month, the Prussian Crown Prince completed the investment; and events have followed each other in such rapid succession, that it is impossible to predict whether Paris may not have fallen or peace have been declared even before this meets the reader's eye. But we will endeavor to supply the deficiency to which we have referred; and if it be too late for this paper to serve as a guide upon current events, it may at least assist a retrospective view of the great siege of beautiful and illustrious Paris.

Of the story of the campaign, then, we have nothing to say at present. The record of its progress is, or should be, in everybody's mouth—

"Familiar in their mouths as household words,"

for, with the possible exception of our own Revolution, it forms the greatest series of events since the days of 1815, when the First Napoleon succumbed to Wellington and Blücher. The Crimean war was merely an armed intervention to repress Russian ambition; the Italian campaign of 1859 was local in its effects; the Danish war of '64 was but a forcible seizure, in the shape of a military execution, of two comparatively insignificant provinces; the Campaign of Sadowa was a simple struggle between the two great German powers for pre-eminence within the limits of Germany itself. This, especially in its last and more embittered phases, has become a war of races, represented on either side by the strongest Teuton and the strongest Latin blood; and its necessary result must be to change the map, disturb the policy, and infuse new elements into the calculations of the diplomatists of the whole of Europe. All the minutiae, every incident of the struggle, then, becomes of the utmost value to the historical student. And certainly not least in importance are the forts and walls around the Capital; for unless Napoleon and his ministers

were blinder than even we have given them credit for being, they must have anxiously considered their strength before they determined upon the rash invasion which to France has terminated so disastrously.

It was about four years ago that the writer wandered over the battlements and saw Mont Valerian and her sister forts; but as they were then, so they were when the battle of Woerth rolled back the French hosts from the borders of the Rhine; for it is certain that not till then was any alarm felt in Paris itself, or any additional precautions taken to strengthen its defences in case of a siege.

So long ago as the reign of Louis XIII., Paris had already been five times surrounded with battlements and towers, and five times, with the utmost contempt for military exigencies, she had broken her girdle of stone, and covered both banks of the Seine with her palaces and her streets. Years afterwards, when Marlborough won the battle of Malplaquet, her defenceless state threw the citizens into terrible consternation, which the partial victory of Denain scarcely sufficed to allay. Louis XIV. and his Court were then at Versailles, in the very palace occupied by "*Unser Fritz*," and King William as their headquarters; but even then centralization had partially done its work, and Paris was the head and the heart of the kingdom. Vauban proposed to surround the city with fortifications built upon scientific principles, and thus enable the marshals to include it in their general system of the defence of the whole realm. The losses of the latter years of the reign of the magnificent, selfish old monarch were, however, an insurmountable obstacle to the plans of the great engineer. Louis XV. cared little about the subject; for the political maxim, "*Après moi, le déluge*," upon which he relied during his whole reign, was of course sufficient to prevent his anticipating the future in the interest of his grandsons. At last, in 1784,

the farmers of the public revenue obtained permission to build the famous old wall which, completed in 1797, was never of any other use than to protect the treasury, or rather themselves, from fraud against the *octroi* duties.

In July, August, and September, 1792, the country was declared in danger, and Paris saw herself without barriers against the Austro-Prussian invasion. Earthworks were hastily begun at Montmartre, St. Denis, and Belleville, but the march of the enemy was more rapid than the hands of the artificers. The fiery youth of the great revolution rushed to the plains of Champaign; and it was before the breasts of brave men, not before dead walls, that the first coalition recoiled. Again, in the following year, the Germans advanced; but the revolutionary ardor was at its height, and when the foe was but ninety miles in the distance, Paris again trusted to the bravery of her sons, and history tells how triumphantly they fought. While the fire of freedom burned, Paris was impregnable. But in 1813 and 1815, when the despotism of the Empire had crushed the spirit of her citizens and sacrificed in other lands her bravest and her best, Paris was taken. She was undefended by ramparts; but had it been otherwise, although the fight at Montmartre might not have been the last, the issue must in both cases have been the same, for the whole country was far more exhausted then even than now. The fiery enthusiasm of '92 and '93 had been extinguished in the graves of a people slaughtered for the glory of an Emperor.

The patriots who at once began their opposition to the Bourbons, restored by foreign bayonets, were convinced of the necessity of fortifications; and therefore, immediately after the revolution of 1830, public opinion, doubting the favorable dispositions of foreign powers to the new régime, energetically demanded ramparts for the common capital of lib-

erated France. Seizing upon this pretext, but really with the view of protecting themselves against possible outbreaks, the new King, Louis Philippe, and his ministers, assembled a large army in the vicinity of Paris, and constructed an immense entrenched camp between the Marne and the Seine, and embracing, by temporary works, Nogent, Fontenay-sous-Bois, Rosny, Noisy, Romainville, and a small part of the Ourcq canal, which served as a ditch for the northern end, and extended to St. Denis. Fifty thousand men were required for its defences; but, however it might subserve the secret purposes of the government, it was of course insufficient for the whole city.

In 1833, Marshal Soult asked the Chamber of Deputies for a credit of thirty-five millions of francs for the purpose of building permanent works. He proposed to erect seventeen pentagonal forts, each presenting five bastioned fronts, eleven being upon the right bank of the Seine and six upon the left, all to be provided with casemate barracks, powder magazines, and store-houses, and each to be manned by a thousand men and armed with eighty guns. Besides these forts and the entrenched camp, the old *octroi* wall was to be raised, provided with battlements, flanked by sixty-five towers or bastions, and provided with three hundred and twenty-five guns.

This plan at once excited the bitterest criticism. It was denounced most violently by "*Le National*," the leading opposition journal, and declared antagonistic to the first principles of military science laid down by Vauban, Cormontaigne, and Napoleon; and in the committee of engineers to which it was referred, the animadversions of some of the members—especially Haxo and General Valezé—were perhaps milder in language, but their objections were equally strenuous. It was urged that the *mur d'octroi* would be nearly useless and the men absolutely isolated in the forts.

The minority of the committee made a counter report, advocated the adoption of a bastioned *enceinte*, with eighty fronts at the distance of two thousand metres from the old wall. This, they said, could be armed by sixty thousand troops, and could be built for less than fifty millions of francs. The people were divided, the majority being with Haxo and Valezé; but when they discovered at how little distance from the city the detached forts were to be built, the indignation knew no bounds. "It is a plan," they cried, "to put down liberty—not to defend Paris!" The excitement became so general that Soult was compelled to withdraw the project.

For seven years men banished their fears, and all schemes for the fortification of Paris were in abeyance; but in 1840, when the ever-recurring Eastern question arose from the struggle between the Sultan and Egypt, it was settled by England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, without consulting France, and, as that power declared, wholly in the interest of her English rival. The jealousy of the Parisians, ever excitable, was intense; once more the "Marseillaise" was heard in the Place de la Concorde, and even the pacific citizen king vowed he would himself wear the *bonnet rouge* rather than see France degraded. M. Thiers was then Minister, and he at once took advantage of the popular clamor to issue the ordinance of the twentieth of September, opening a credit of one hundred millions of francs and proclaiming the absolute necessity of defending the capital.

Then again began the strife of 1833. The king, dreading the violence of the *faubourgs*, was strongly prejudiced for a system of forts; the people demanded the fortified *enceinte*. Thiers, endeavoring to conciliate both king and populace, pronounced for a strong *enceinte*, flanked with eighteen or twenty detached forts. The excitement grew; the opposition perceived, or thought they perceived, proof posi-

tive that the forts would be built and the ramparts neglected or postponed; and "*Le National*," again throwing itself into the front range, said—"We repeat again and again that the *enceinte* is what is required, for it is admirably adapted to the National Guard, and in case of invasion Paris ought to be left to her own proper energies."

As devoted to its country as its party, the organ of the radical *bourgeoisie* pursued this train of argument as long as the discussion lasted; but it was unwilling to permit fear of the forts to put a stop to the whole works. On the contrary, the more ultra democratic journals cried out against any and every system of what they called *bastille-making*, under the pretext of defence against foreign invasion. The legitimists—for Paris is ever separated into half a dozen factions—remembered that the restoration was effected by bayonets from without, and being unwilling to strengthen in any way the detested Orleanist prince, allied themselves with the ultra democrats. Even in the ministry itself, opinion was divided; Guizot accepted the combination previously proposed by Thiers, because it assured him the support of a considerable accession of strength from the left; but Soult, the minister of war, and the king, were obstinate in their determination to accept nothing but the plan of 1833. For a time it seemed that the divisions of sentiment and the factious spirit engendered would again, and perhaps permanently, postpone every possible proposal. Fortunately, however, on the twelfth of December, 1841, Marshal Soult so far yielded that he adopted the combination of *enceinte* and fort; but upon the proviso that the number and situation of these forts, and the period for the construction of the ramparts, should be left exclusively to the government. On the thirteenth of January, 1842, however, M. Thiers demanded that the number of the forts should be determined in advance; that none should

be built nearer the city than that of Vincennes—namely, at a distance of twenty-two hundred metres; and further, that the *enceinte* itself should be commenced at once and completed in three years. In spite of the ill humor of Soult and the opposition of the centre left, led by General Schneider, Thiers's plan was adopted on the first of February, 1842, by a vote of two hundred and thirty-seven against one hundred and sixty-two; the only amendment being that Paris should never be classed among the military depots except by virtue of a special enactment. In the Chamber of Peers the royal influence triumphed in commission; but in full session one hundred and forty-seven against eighty-three affirmed the vote of the Deputies. The law thus carried in the teeth of so much opposition, was rapidly carried into effect; and in 1844 the works were completed—and, strange to say, without exceeding the estimate of one hundred millions of francs. Far different this from the days of the Second Empire, when every budget, with but a single exception, was supplemented by additional taxation.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of the fortifications, built, like Rome, not in a day; and if we compare the latter days of the late Empire, and the difficulties experienced by Jules Favre and Trochu in maintaining any government during the siege, and successfully restraining the *rouge* partizans of men like Flourens and Pyat, we shall see how little the irritable, capricious, insubordinate Parisians have changed from what they were when Guizot and Thiers built the walls behind which they are now beleaguered by Moltke and Bismarck. We will now see what these forts and *enceinte* are—or, rather, what they were before the war; and it is probable that, excepting by the demolition of buildings, the digging of mines, and a few earthworks near Mont Valerien on the west and St. Denis on the south, the general aspect was not changed when William and

his army prepared for the siege on the twentieth of September.

The first line of defence on the right bank of the river, commences with Fort la Briche, which, with the double Couronne du Nord, the Lunette du Maine, and Fort de l'Est, covers the city of St. Denis. Bending towards the *enceinte* by Forts d'Aubervilliers and Romainville, it retreats in an easterly direction by Forts Noisy and Rosny, the redoubt Fontenay-sous-Bois, and the fort of Nogent-sur-Marne—thus forming a semicircle round the citadel of Vincennes. The old chateau has only preserved its ancient chapel and donjon keep; the nine towers, by which it was flanked in olden time, were, by the First Napoleon, razed to the level of the *octroi* wall, and converted into bastions. The casemates and barracks, built since 1832, have now been changed into a single huge barrack, a large arsenal, and an artillery park. Vincennes is now, therefore, a fortress with a bastioned *enceinte*, a scarp, counter-scarp, and covered way. The south of the Bois de Vincennes is covered by the redoubt la Faisanderie and Gravelle, which shuts in the Presqu'île Saint Maur. Charenton, between the Marne and the Seine, unites the works on the two rivers.

On the Marne, far less strongly defended than the Seine, the detached forts are at a greater distance from one another; and from east to west the defences are Ivry, Bicetre, Mont-rouge, Vanves, and Issy. Between Versailles, St. Germain, and St. Denis, stands the fortress of Mont Valerien. On a war footing, it was intended to arm Valerien with sixty heavy guns, with a garrison of fifteen hundred infantry, the requisite artillerymen and engineers, with an immense amount of military stores. When built, it was believed that an attack would never be made in its direction; and it was principally intended to cover convoys of supplies or reinforcements coming to the relief of Paris

from the west. We have seen how signally its sanguine founders have been disappointed.

The fortifications of the second line comprise, firstly, what is called the *zone des servitudes*, two hundred and fifty metres broad; that is, a belt of land about eight hundred and twelve feet in width, dependent upon the lines, and over which the authorities possess certain military privileges—just as a right of way in America would in France be called a servitude.

In this belt no one is permitted to erect even a wooden shed without the sanction of the authorities, and no stone or brick is ever permitted. Secondly, is the military ground proper, which commences with the bottom of the glacis, and embraces the counterscarp, the ditch, the scarp, the interior and exterior slope, the *banquette*, and the *terre-plein*; and thirdly is the military road. Sombre as all this makes the approach to the city of pleasure, and preventing, as it does, the inhabitants from entering Paris where they will, as London and Chicago are entered, there is yet space cut for two canals and eight railroads to pass into the capital. The gates for the foot passengers, except perhaps from the west, are gloomy, and, for all their decoration, handed over to the tender mercies of the *octroi* bureau.

The ditch is fifteen metres—about fifty feet—wide. The walls are ten metres, or about thirty-three feet, high; and, on an average, three metres fifty centimetres, more than eleven feet, thick. At every five metres it is strengthened by buttresses, supported by a foundation six and one-half feet thick. The wall itself is built of rough stone, and mortar, faced with what looks like mill-stones, and crowned with cut stone. The fortified *enceinte* of Paris is more than 75,460 feet in length, and presents ninety-four fronts, almost all in a right line with twenty-six upon the left bank of the Seine and sixty-eight upon the right. It commences at the gate of Billancourt,

then bends north to the Neuilly and La Revolte gates then from north to south to Picpus; at Bercy, near the Pont Napoleon, it touches the Seine, and from the Porte de la Gare by a slight curve it reaches the Porte du Bas Meudon, on the Seine. Thus an area of 19,731 English acres, comprising the whole of ancient and modern Paris, is included within the walls.

The military road winding along the interior circle of the fortifications is an uninterrupted sweep of macadamised boulevards, planted with trees, and known in its different parts by the names of the marshals of the First Empire. Murat, Suchet, Lannes, St. Cyr, Berthier, Bessières, Ney, Serrurier, Macdonald, Moitier, Davoust, Soult, Poniatowski, Massena, Kellermann, Jourdan, Brune, Lefevre, and Victor,—all distinguish different quarters of the ramparts of the city which their valor once made as illustrious as wit and fashion and beauty and art and literature have since made it charming. The system is completed by fifteen guard-houses connected with one another and the great city barracks. Four years ago these stations were manned by 1700 men; but it would probably not be in excess if we named 45,000 as the ordinary peace establishment of the capital.

Such was Paris, in a military point of view, but a few short months ago. What it will be a few months—or even days—hence, none can tell. Would that before then ruin and devastation will have ceased from out the stricken land; that “the dogs of war, with Ate by their side” may have been sent back from whence they came; and that conquering Germans and conquered French may again have returned in the blessings of peace to the pursuits of industry and the arts, from which the mad ambition of the perjured man who inaugurated the Empire by the bloody days of December, 1851, called them both alike,—the one in ignorance, the others in the pride of conscious strength.



## MY SHIPS.

O H, many a day do I turn away  
With a weary sigh on my lips,  
Saying, Nevermore on the thronging shore  
Will I watch for my absent ships!  
But still in my dreams forever it seems  
They are sailing nearer to me;  
So every morn a new hope is born  
And again I watch by the sea.

And oft when a fleet with a music sweet  
Sail in for the young and the gay,  
I list to the shout that rings gladly out,—  
But mine are still sailing away.  
To many, ah, me! that watch by the sea,  
Albeit in sorrow and pain,  
Though early and late forever they wait,  
Their ships will come never again.

Yet ever there stand on the pebbly strand  
An eager and hurrying throng;  
And often I hear the clamor of cheer—  
Glad echoes of laughter and song.  
But oft and again of sorrow and pain  
Do I hearken the anguished cry,  
When many a sail that we joyous hail  
But a foundering wreck goes by.

Will ye anchor soon, and with every boon  
That I bade ye seek and bring?  
Or far will ye sail, until darkly fail  
The flowers of Life's beauteous Spring?—  
Until Youth is fled, until Hope is dead,  
Still waiting and watching in vain,  
With silvery hair, with wrinkles of care,  
My ships that sailed over the main!

If but deathless fame or a worshipped name  
I had built ye so fair to hold—  
If nothing but these could my heart appease,  
Or but jewels and land and gold,—  
More blest were the fate forever to wait,  
To hail ye again as ye went;  
Yet over the sea come hither to me—  
Heaven-freighted with Heart-Content!

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY; or, the Relation between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece, and the Positive Teaching of Christ and His Apostles. By B. F. Cocker, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Michigan. New York: Harper & Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The central purpose of Prof. Cocker's work upon "Christianity and Greek Philosophy" is not sectarian in either the philosophical or theological sense. The author's aim, as we apprehend it, is not to promulgate or defend any dogma, but the pursuit of truth from the unalloyed love of truth. It is an effort to eliminate from the various systems of Greek philosophy first truths; also, to analyze and abstract from the teachings of Christ and His Apostles fundamental truths; and by these processes to discover and illustrate that philosophic unity, that deep harmony, which, notwithstanding all special diversity and apparent discord, characterize the history of human thought. The key to the whole philosophy is given in one of the author's pithiest sentences: "Religion and right reason must be found in harmony."

The work in detail is marked by great breadth and accuracy of learning, and is knit together by a relentless logical unity. Its systematic arrangement, its broad originality of conception and successful execution, can be questioned by no one who has given it a careful study. Its treatment is lucid, it gives a distinct presentation of the fruits of the various schools of philosophy, and its premises are set in a light strong and bold as a proposition in Euclid. The style is sparkling and pure, and, though not too ambitious, its coloring is sufficiently rich to allure the student of general literature as well as by its depth and tranquillity to please the chaster taste of the metaphysician. The author evinces a power of keen and subtle analysis, a bold

and just discrimination, and a strong grasp of the problems of metaphysics.

Having premised thus much of the work as a whole, we proceed with the consideration of some of its details.

Of the first chapter on "The men of Athens," it is enough to say that it has been highly applauded by some of our most eminent scholars who are deeply versed in Attic learning, who have visited Athens, and made its ancient people, their literature and manners, the objects of life-long study.

The development of the subject proper begins with the "Philosophy of Religion." We do not think it too much to affirm that every proposition in this and the two chapters succeeding is incontrovertibly established. The belief of the Greeks in a supreme singular deity, their religious character in the true philosophic sense, and that the vulgar opinion that the Greeks were idolaters is unfounded in fact, are shown by every induction of reason and by the amplest illustrations from their poets and philosophers.

The most important portion of this work, in value as in interest, is that in which the author seeks to demonstrate that God is cognizable by the reason. Herein the author confronts such formidable names as Mill, Spencer, Hamilton, Comte, with the entire school of dogmatic theologians. It is a most profound problem, requiring a strong intellectual grasp for its comprehension and explication, yet vital to the integrity and success of the treatise. It is the problem whose attempted solutions divide the various schools of philosophy. Herbert Spencer affirms that the "ultimate of ultimates" cannot be known; Mill argues that all our knowledge is derived from mental phenomena — that mind in its earliest stage is a capacity, an impressibility — that, retaining and accumulating its impressions and experiences, it

makes isolated generalizations, and thus we have acquired the whole store of thought and knowledge from empirical science and therefore that God cannot be known by pure reason; while Hamilton asserts that we can have no notion of the Infinite Being. We have not space to give all the various theories, nor Dr. Cocker's consideration of them. He involves Mr. Spencer in a logical absurdity, by using his own words to confound him. He answers Mr. Mill with great force, and completely annihilates Hamilton's "Philosophy of the Conditioned."

Starting out with the proposition that God is cognizable by the reason, the author demonstrates the universality of the phenomenon of the human race believing in the existence of one Supreme Being. This fact is universal among men. There must be some sufficient reason why it is so rather than otherwise. What can be assigned as a sufficient cause for this phenomenon? Not mere experience, for the experience of each is peculiar to himself. Hence empirical knowledge will not explain the prevalence of this belief in the human mind. Its cause is to be found in the original constitution of the mind, containing ideas which bear the stamp of universality and necessity, therefore independent and undervived from experience. These ideas are photographs upon the human mind and copies from the Divine mind. The author confidently believes that this, and this alone, will afford a sufficient explanation of the prevalence of the idea of God among men.

Now, philosophy is but the essence of common sense; and when idealists, like Mr. Mill, ignore and deny the uniform, fundamental beliefs of mankind, and affirm matter and mind to be equally an illusion, fictions of the fancy, are not their refinements, however arrayed in the austere garb of logical formulas, are not their speculations, however ingenious, adverse to the better judgment, the common sense of mankind? When they assert that the universal belief of man is unphilosophical and unfounded, that history has dealt in elaborate fictions, that all this array of human wisdom and all this interpretation of man and nature is fundamentally erroneous,

and that only a rare few of this school have discerned and laid bare the truth, then it is just that such extraordinary assurance should be fortified by the clearest, most unanswerable logic. But this is far from being the case. Mr. Mill admits various obscurities in his argument, and assures us that it requires an unusual stretch of intellect—a kind of philosophical ecstasy—for us to fathom the depth and realize the truth of his teachings. Now, although, like all great minds, Mr. Mill rises with the dignity and difficulty of the exigency, although his language bears the evidence of much care and reflection and his logic is usually the most unclouded, it cannot be denied that he sometimes darkens what he should most illuminate, perplexes when he should explicate. For example, he is compelled to assert, in order that his theory may be consistent with itself, that we can conceive of a cosmical system in the distant profundities of space not only different but whose laws should actually conflict with those of our own—where the laws of gravitation and repulsion should act adversely, where fire should freeze and cold consume, where four right lines would make a circle, and two and two make five. Mr. Mill thinks he can conceive of such a system; but never having been wrought up to such a philosophical rapture, we are totally inadequate to the conception. The mathematical principles appear to us absolute, necessary; and it seems a flippancy or a confession of despair to assert that one right line, or lines, however extended, can describe a circle, and if it be necessary to Mr. Mill's philosophy to form such a conception, it must be rejected as sophistry. It is a saying of Abbott's that the faith which cannot stand unless buttressed by contradictions is built upon the sand. This is equally true in the philosophical as in the theological sense. That philosophy which cannot stand unless supported by contradiction cannot be accepted by the reason.

In denying that God is cognizable by the reason, he is compelled to deny the validity of the common belief in cause as related to effect. In answering this there may be given, first, some extra-metaphysical reasons in proof of the justness of this belief.

It is certain that the wisdom of statesmanship is derived from a belief in the existence of causes. We are aware how Mr. Mill answers this by substituting a mere succession of phenomena, one following the other in an apparently unvarying order; that neither is the cause of the other; that by knowing the antecedent we may know the consequent, not from efficient causation, but because that is the observed order of occurrence, and therefore those maxims and proverbs which are the generalizations and wisdom of ordinary affairs may be as well derived by the law of association as by that of causality. Yet it is undoubted that the great mass of wisdom and the attainments of science were derived, not from the law of association, but of causality. It was their faith in this law that bore such fruitage in the efforts of Newton, Kepler, Galileo. It was his faith in the accuracy of the results of profound investigation of causes that rendered Edmund Burke so sagacious in political philosophy; for was not the motto of his life *cognoscere causas*? It was the belief in this law, with the consequent spirit of deep investigation of the motions of men and of the undercurrent of affairs, that gave Lord Bacon such fulness of worldly wisdom, and renders his writings—especially their spirit—invaluable to philosophy and the just interpretation of human nature. It is not the office of science, and pre-eminently of metaphysics, to mislead men, but to make them more wise. We are therefore averse to that philosophy which would vanish the belief in cause and effect, when that belief has been the fruitful source of so much wisdom and scientific progress.

There are, second, philosophical objections to Mr. Mill's theory of the "Uniformities of Nature" as contradistinguished to the laws of nature—that is, that a given cause produces a given effect. The office of metaphysics is to interpret the operations of the mind; and in its simpler operations, the untaught savage is as reliable in his speculations, as accurate in his observations, as the most abstruse metaphysician; for the study of mind is not confined to any guild of philosophers nor dependent on costly cabinets or libraries. Yet it is the interpretation of these most simple mental

processes that most agitates the world of philosophy. What the common reason of our race declares to be the distinction of the *ego* from the non-*ego*, the *I* from the external world, the existence of causality, Comte declares to be unreal. What universal man declares to be substance as known by its attributes, matter known by its qualities, the existence of a caused effect, Mr. Mill affirms to be illusory. True philosophy rests on common sense; and we are slow to believe that in these verdicts of the common sense or judgment of mankind, the whole world has been wrong six thousand years, while Mr. Mill and Comte have alone found the truth. And, resting the question where it must ultimately be decided—on the common judgment of man, we incline to think Dr. Cocker has the true philosophy, for he advocates the trustworthiness of the common verdict of man.

Sir William Hamilton denies that we can have any notion of the Infinite Being. His argument may be succinctly stated thus: All things knowable lie between two extremes, neither of which can be known. Thus, we cannot apprehend infinite space, nor can we apprehend infinite divisibility—that is to say, we cannot conceive of any particle of matter being so many times divided that it cannot be divided again. Thus everything that can be known lies between these two extremes, of which, owing to our mental impotence, we cannot possibly conceive either to be, yet one of which must be. Now how can we believe anything to be when we cannot possibly think it to be? If we cannot conceive it to be possible that it is, it is the suicide of reason to assert that it is. If we cannot trust the testimony of our reason, we can believe nothing; and Hamilton's elaborate speculations are elaborate fictions. Because we cannot possibly apprehend that God is, therefore God is. The argument is its own refutation. In asserting that we can have no notion of the Infinite Being, Mr. Hamilton virtually affirms that mind is nothing. If mind is, then must mind have some knowledge of all with which it comes in contact; and if, as Hamilton further says, the Infinite is the One and the All,—or, in the language of

his disciple, Mansel, "the sum of all reality," and "the sum of all possible modes of being,"—then can mind apprehend the Infinite in some degree, however imperfect; and this knowledge we may classify, and attribute to that Infinite the qualities that have entered our cognition. And thus we get a notion of the Infinite Being.

This fallacy Dr. Cocker has illustrated with consummate skill from Hamilton's proposition that relatives are known only in and through each other—as, time and succession, substance and quality, the infinite and the finite; that is, in cognizing the finite we necessarily cognize the infinite, and hence we have a notion of the Infinite Being.

We conclude the consideration of the proof that God is cognizable by the reason, by showing what mind is, and thereby that its elemental ideas, being derived from a Supreme Being, demonstrate His existence, just as the oak is developed from the acorn and from a minute life-essence enshrined in the acorn's core, as physical man is the late-matured growth of the infinitesimal life-germ, so are the ideas, the knowledge which constitutes the wealth and essence of mind, developed and matured from the germinal mental principles which spring unbidden from the womb of intellect. The mind is not a spiritual or material edifice, enthroned in man ready to be furnished and occupied by knowledge. These primitive, necessary, seminal ideas of being, substance, causality, identity, time, space, etc., are the mind in its inception; and its full maturity is simply an aggregation to these, and by means of these through the medium of sense, of empirical knowledge. This comports with historic fact; for whilst among the unlettered we find the unimpaired and the almost sole existence of these germinal ideas, among the more philosophical nations we find not only these but a vast mass of scientific learning. The test of the mental greatness of a people is their quantity of ideas, and their skill in manipulating the germinal mental principles so as to bring their light and heat to bear on any subject at will, and by a kind of intellectual alchemy to fuse them into every subject of

study, and from this crucible of thought developing new ideas by the practiced and skilful use of the native machinery of the mind. Thus, while this theory accords with scientific truth, it also demonstrates how, by a reverse process of abstraction, we eliminate those ideas which are germinal, fundamental, connate with our being, which are the vestigia left by the Divine Mind in the creation as a proof of His existence, as an evidence of His handiwork.

VALERIE AYLMER. A Novel. By Christian Reid. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This work comes before the public, heralded by the assuring announcement that the author "in this first effort has made a most decided hit," coupled with the rather rash prophesy that he, or she, "cannot fail to be universally recognized as one of the rising and brilliant lights of American literature;" wherefore we were induced to peruse this "hit." As yet we have failed to be dazzled by the brilliancy of this rising light,—owing, no doubt, to a vision blunted and obscured by the examination of hundreds of just such sensational distortions, intended for first-class fiction.

If there is such a thing as a gilt-edged style, this author is fortunate in finding it. There is that one single characteristic, and that only, which he, or she, and "Lothair" have in common. The leading characters are all rich—"rolling in wealth." They are all eminently aristocratic, too; belonging to the first families, etc., and rejoicing in blue blood coursing their veins. The men are all courageous, gifted, well-read, and altogether chivalric. The women are, without exception, entrancingly and bewitchingly beautiful; and the men are all madly in love, of course. The heroine—so far as there is such a character—has three of these madmen chasing after her, one of whom the author finally succeeds in marrying her to, after unheard-of difficulties and cross-purposes; but what becomes of the other two, or of any of the main characters figuring in the plot, we are not informed. The scenes are laid in the South or in Europe. The author has not

taken the trouble to lay out much of any plot or follow any very particular plan; but leaves the reader painfully in doubt what will ultimately become of all the distinguished gentry to which he has been introduced. It is left to the reader's imagination to finish the story—which, upon the whole, in an effort like this, is perhaps the best, as it certainly is the easiest, way to end it.

Senseless sneers and obscure inuendoes—intended for wit—flung at everything “Yankee”—and in fact at everything in our sentiment or society which is distinctively American—comprise the “decided hit” alluded to. The author has had the good taste never to attempt open, down-right abuse and slangy aspersions; but the allusions to everything Northern, betray bitter hatred, as deep-seated as it is groundless—the offspring of ignorance and prejudice, and so all the more abiding.

It is to be deplored that our Southern scribblers cannot forego repeating the silly and stale *farrago* of splenetic falsehoods so common among them, and which are worn threadbare. If they must “hit” us, let it at least be done pungently. We can relish and take in good part genuine wit and satire; but such “hits” as this novel are cruel—there is no forgiveness for them.

**ALASKA AND ITS RESOURCES.** By William H. Dall, Director of the Scientific Corps of the late Western Union Telegraph Expedition. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The treaty by which Alaska was purchased from Russia was concluded on the 30th of March, 1867. The ratifications were exchanged, and the treaty was proclaimed by the President, on the 20th of June. On the 18th of October, the territory was formally surrendered by the Russian authorities to General Rousseau.

The total area of the territory thus incorporated with the United States is a little more than 580,000 square miles. Alaska proper, or the mainland, contains nearly 550,000 square miles, and the several groups of adjacent islands included in the purchase above 30,000 square miles. The territory is bounded by the Arctic Ocean

on the North, the Pacific Ocean and Bering Sea\* and Strait on the West and South, and the Hudson Bay territory on the East. The principal river is the Yukon, which is, in fact, one of the great rivers of the world, larger than the Ganges or the Orinoco, and equal to the Danube or LaPlata. Its length is about 2,000 miles; and for three-fourths of this distance it is navigable for river steamers. Its width is in some parts so great that to one standing on its bank the opposite bank is invisible. There are several ranges of mountains in the territory; but that of St. Elias includes the highest peaks. Mr. Dall mentions five which are above 10,000 feet—one rising to about 16,000—and eight or nine others which are more than 5,000 feet in height. Not less than sixty are known to be of volcanic character; but only ten of these show any symptoms of very recent activity.

The original inhabitants of this region are divided into two quite distinct races—the Indians, and the coast tribes, for which last Mr. Dall proposes the general name *Orarian*. These last are again subdivided by our author into three main classes—the Innuits, the Aleutians, and the Tuskis. For a description of the characteristics of each of these we must refer the curious reader to Mr. Dall's volume, where he will find ample satisfaction. He estimates the total population at a little below 30,000.

The climate of Alaska is much influenced by the great Pacific Gulf Stream, commonly called the Japan Current. The extremes of temperature differ very widely, from 70° Fahrenheit to 50°; but the mean temperature of the year is not far from 40°. The mercury is lowest in January and March, and highest in July and August. A carefully prepared table of the weather for seven years shows only 53 entirely clear days, the remaining 2,500 being about equally divided between “half clear” and “all cloudy.” But this record was limited, of course, to a single locality.

Much ridicule was directed against Mr. Seward, when the purchase of this territory from Russia was first made known. Disparaging nicknames were given to the country, and the government was charged

[\* We here follow Mr. Dall's orthography



with having wasted ten millions of dollars. It was worth no inconsiderable fraction of that sum, certainly, to cancel forever the claim of a great foreign power to so extensive a portion of the North American continent. But Mr. Sumner showed, in his elaborate speech on the subject, that Alaska was by no means a barren and worthless possession. The deliberate judgment of the country, unbiased by personal or party prejudices, has, we think, approved the purchase. And certainly the statements of Mr. Dall in the volume before us amply justify that approval. The southern or Sitka district abounds in the best of timber, which can readily be conveyed down the steep mountain sides to within a very short distance from the Pacific coast. The coal of Cook's Inlet seems, from the analysis of Prof. Newberry, of Columbia College, to be superior to any other hitherto found on the Pacific slope. It is lignitic in its character. Discoveries of anthracite are reported in various localities; but the value of these deposits cannot at present be determined. Of the minerals, gold, silver, lead and iron have been found in limited quantities. Copper and sulphur are more abundant. The fisheries and the furs of Alaska are among its most important resources. Most of the arable lands are found in the Aleutian district; and the climatic character of this region, and of the northern part of the Sitka district, bears a marked resemblance to that of Northwestern Scotland and its adjacent islands, where the grains, with the exception of wheat, and the roots, with the exception of potatoes, yield plentiful harvests, of excellent quality, and where sheep and cattle of a small breed thrive and multiply.

The expedition with which Mr. Dall was connected went out in the interest of the Western Union Telegraph Company. It occupied just two years, from September 1866, to September 1868. It was unsuccessful in its main object—the establishment of a telegraphic line of communication with the Old World by the way of the Pacific Coast and Bering Strait. But it bore much fruit in the way of scientific exploration, of which the volume before us is an invaluable illustration. The

work is accompanied by a carefully prepared map of the territory and its surroundings, and is adorned by many well-executed engravings. In respect to paper, type, and outward appearance, the book is fit for any eye or any library. In verification of Mr. Dall's thorough study of his subject, he has given us in an appendix a list of more than one hundred and fifty titles of works on Alaska, occupying fifteen of his ample octavo pages.

**WHY AND HOW.** Why the Chinese Emigrate, and the Means they Adopt for the Purpose of Reaching America. By Russell H. Conwell. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

This is the carefully written, well considered work of an accurate and appreciative observer, detailing new and interesting facts concerning China and its people. The author shows why it is that emigration from China sets in towards America rather than other countries, and the means adopted by the poorer classes to procure transportation and sustenance. The abuses which weigh so heavily and heartlessly upon the poor Coolies, both at home and here, are told in the style of a man thoroughly at home in his subject and deeply sympathetic with them as against their oppressors.

He does not enter into much discussion of the evils or advantages of Chinese emigration to this country, but merely gives us interesting facts which put a new aspect upon their condition in many particulars. Of one thing there is no doubt, according to this interesting little book—namely, that with kind, fair treatment—dealt with honestly and truthfully—the Chinaman may be made an attached, faithful, intelligent and very skilful servant, either as an artisan or field-laborer. Their vices can very soon and very easily be eradicated and they made to live virtuously and morally, if they are treated like human beings instead of being subjected to the abuse which is too often practiced, and justified, too, towards the degraded and despised Asiatic.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. A Poem. By William Morris, Author of "The Life and Death of Jason." Part III. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

Irving, like Dickens, Thackeray, and many others, found the way to prosperity long and the journey slow. Milton and Shakspeare had no easier experience. Bryant broke brilliantly upon a surprised world in early boyhood, rarely mature but not precocious. But Tennyson, like Longfellow, plodded many patient paths before his feet took hold of the abrupt ascent to pinnacles of fame.

William Morris, a prosperous English merchant, suddenly published a poem which the critics were hard pushed to account for; it was so rich, so sweet, so fine, so strong, so full of every sign of a mind not merely noble in itself but stored with the gatherings of learning for which a student's life rarely sufficed—how then could a busy merchant's?

Then close upon "The Life and Death of Jason," and long before there was time for recovery from this great surprise, came a series of poems even more surprising—twenty thousand lines of "The Earthly Paradise," and more promised.

The next generation will rejoice in this man more than we in the first blush of acquaintance can; but our joy can be limited by our comprehension only. And now we will let the man have his own say:

#### SEPTEMBER.

Oh, come at last, to whom the spring-tide's hope  
Looked for through blossoms, what hast thou for me?

Green grows the grass upon the dewy slope  
Beneath thy gold-hung, gray-leaved apple-tree,  
Moveless, e'en as the autumn fain would be,  
That shades its sad eyes from the rising sun  
And weeps at eve because the day is done.

What vision wilt thou give me, autumn morn,  
To make thy pensive sweetness more complete?  
What tale, ne'er to be told, of folk unborn?  
What images of gray-clad damsels sweet  
Shall cross thy sward with dainty, noiseless feet?  
What nameless, shamefast longings made alive,  
Soft-eyed September, wilt thy sad heart give?

Look long, O longing eyes, and look in vain!  
Strain idly, aching heart, and yet be wise,  
And hope no more for things to come again  
That thou beheldest once with careless eyes!  
Like a new-wakened man thou art, who tries  
To dream again the dream that made him glad  
When in his arms his loving love he had!

Here is a sample of his landscape etching:

Most fair to peaceful heart was all;  
Windless the ripe fruit down did fall;  
The shadows of the large gray leaves  
Lay gray upon the oaten sheaves  
By the garth wall as he passed by;  
The startled ouzel-cock did cry,  
As from the yew-tree by the gate  
He flew; the speckled hen did wait  
With outstretched neck his coming in;  
The March-hatched cockerel gaunt and thin  
Crowed shrilly, while his elder thrust  
His stiff wing-feathers in the dust  
That grew away of the sun;  
The old and one-eyed cart-horse dun  
The middenstead went hobbling round  
Blowing the light straw from the ground;  
With curious eyes the drake peered in  
O'er the barn's dusk, where dusk and din  
Were silent now a little space.

Coming down the months, we reach

#### OCTOBER.

O love, turn from the unchanging sea and gaze  
Down these gray slopes upon the year grown old,  
A-dying mid the autumn-scented haze  
That hangeth o'er the hollows in the world,  
Where the wind-bitten ancient elms infold  
Gray church, long barn, orchard, and red-roofed  
stead,  
Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead.

Come down, O love; may not our hands still meet,  
Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,  
Forgetting May, deeming October sweet?—  
O hearken, hearken! through the afternoon  
The gray tower sings a strange old tinkling tune!  
Sweet, sweet, and sad, the toiling year's last breath,  
Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we, too—will it not be soft and kind,  
That rest from life, from patience and from pain,  
That rest from bliss we know not when we find,  
That rest from love which ne'er the end can  
gain?  
Hark, how the tune swells, that erewhile did  
wane!  
Look up, love!—ah, cling close and never move!  
How can I have enough of life and love?

"The Man who Never Laughed Again," before he met the poisoned blow that shaded all his after life, had first a weird imprisonment, and afterwards a glimpse of healthful life again. Emerging from the enchanted grounds of ghosts and dying men, he was

Evermore oppressed with growing dread,  
As through the dark and silent wood he rode,  
And drew the nigher unto man's abode.

But when at last he met the broad sweet light  
Upon the hill's brow where that wood had end,  
And saw the open upland fresh and bright,  
A thrill of joy that sight through him must send,

And with good heart he 'twixt the fields did  
wend,  
And not so much of that sad house he thought  
As of the wealthy life he thence had brought;

So, amidst thoughts of pleasant life and ease,  
Seemed all things fair that eve, the peasant's  
door,

The mother with her child upon her knees  
Sitting within upon the shaded floor;  
While 'neath the trellised gourd some maid sung  
o'er

Her lover to the rude lute's trembling strings,  
Her brown breast heaving 'neath the silver rings;

The slender damsel coming from the well,  
Smiling beneath the flashing brazen jar,  
Her fellows left behind thereat, to tell  
How weary of her smiles her lovers are;  
While the small children round wage watery war  
'Till the thin linen more transparent grows,  
And ruddy brown the flesh beneath it glows;

The trooper drinking at the homestead gate,  
Telling wild lies about the sword and spear  
Unto the farmer, striving to abate  
The peddler's price; the village drawing near,  
The smoke, that scenting the fresh eve, and  
clear,  
Tells of the feast; the smith's dying spark,  
The barn's wealth dimly showing through the dark.

How sweet was all! how easy it should be  
Amid such life one's self-made woes to bear!  
He felt as one who, waked up suddenly  
To life's delight, knows not of grief or care.

How kind, how lovesome, all the people were!  
Why should he think of aught but love and bliss  
With many years of such-like life as this?

The best of the six epics which make up  
this volume is also the longest and the  
last in order, "The Lovers of Gudrun."  
All these are plaintive, pure and moving.  
The style is always quaint—a mixture of  
the antique and the present, at once  
piquant and grateful.

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UNIVERSITY PROGRESS: An Address delivered  
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GREEK PRAXIS; or, Greek for Beginners. Con-  
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Reading Lessons. By J. A. Spencer, S.T.D.,  
Professor of Greek Language and Literature in  
the College of the City of New York. Ivison,  
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OUTLINE OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY. A Text-Book for Students. By the Rev.  
J. Clark Murray, Professor of Mental and Moral  
Philosophy, Queen's University, Canada. With  
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LL.D., President of Princeton College, New  
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York: Oakley, Mason & Co. (S. C. Griggs &  
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Bart., M.P., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton  
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Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke,  
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## CHIT-CHAT.

—A SAN FRANCISCO library association was recently impecunious. It was plunged in debt. The more it struggled to get out, the deeper and deeper it sank, like a cow in a quagmire. A few benevolent persons offered to give a good pecuniary lift; but they were too few or too weak, for the terrible tide of unpaid notes kept rising, and seemed likely to engulf the struggling incorporation altogether. It was \$300,000 behindhand.

At last, a bright thought struck some of the local management: a lottery! Get up a grand benevolent lottery, and pay off the debt, and establish a magnificent treasury for the future to draw on. The project took; the managers agreed to back it; a man was hired for \$125,000 to sell the tickets, and two hundred thousand of these were issued and disposed of at five dollars each. That is to say, \$1,000,000 were received in return for a promise to distribute \$500,000. The tickets sold readily; indeed, during the last week there was a lively demand for them, and, on the day of the drawing, members of the Chicago Board of Trade, usually in their right minds, offered ten dollars a ticket for all they could get! This, of course, was the most reckless gambling. The profligate who uses ten dollar bills to light his cigar with, does not do a foolisher thing.

The fatuity which impels men and women to patronize lotteries is one of the strangest passions of the human heart. For people in independent circumstances to buy tickets in a charity lottery with the express purpose of giving the money to benevolence, and thus, through chance, of making a permanent investment where moth and rust do not corrupt, is all very well; the more of it the better. But that men of sense should expect or even hope to get their money back, is amazing. It is also humiliating, for it exposes one of

the weakest points of human character—a weakness born of ignorance and superstition.

The fact is, of course, that the ticket-holders in the California lottery could not possibly get a return of their aggregate investment, even if it were honestly managed. They invested twice as much as was to be distributed: so that each single subscriber stood just four chances in eight to get his money back; two chances in eight to get twice his money; one chance in eight to get four times his money, and so on.

If a knave should take his stand in a wagon on Clark street and offer to sell two dollars and a half for five dollars, he would be hooted at; but if he should offer tickets at five dollars each, with the certainty that one in four would draw ten dollars, or that one in two hundred would draw \$500, he would sell the chances rapidly to the same deriders, unless the police stopped his fun. Yet the two games are precisely identical, and to invest in one is just as wise as to "take a chance" in the other. It is mortifying to think that a matter so plain and simple as this should need explaining; yet there are millions of intelligent people in the world who constantly buy lottery tickets *as an investment*. There are so many of these, indeed, that half a dozen nations support their kings from the income of the government lotteries, and two or three States in this Union are now paying off their debts by the same resource. In Portugal, Spain, Italy, Austria and Turkey, lotteries are a part of the national machinery. For many years France derived from the government lotteries an annual income of \$3,000,000. For a short time they were suppressed on the ground that they increased vice and poverty and diminished thrift; and on January first of the next year there were \$500,000 more than usual in the Savings Banks of the city of

Paris alone. In 1823, Great Britain suppressed and prohibited lotteries absolutely, making the sale of tickets within the realm a crime; thus enacting into law the bitter denunciation of Queen Anne, wherein she declared that lotteries were "public nuisances." They were correctly characterized. They sap the foundations of domestic peace and comfort; promote indolence; create a spirit of gambling; breed public dissatisfaction, and cause wide-spread penury and wretchedness.

For the duplicity of intelligent business men is not by any means the worst of this matter. There is a very painful side to it; the robbery of the millions of ignorant poor. Every lottery appeals especially and immediately to the poor. Thousands of wretched widows are more wretched today because of the California lottery. Thousands of hard-pushed carpenters, blacksmiths, printers, and plainer workmen, sunk in the lottery the five or twenty-five dollars that ought to have bought some garment to make wife or children more comfortable for the approaching winter. Thousands of serving girls paid their last five dollars for a bit of pasteboard that they wildly fancied was the talisman of a dowry, and they are more depressed and distressed this hour for the loss. The telegraphic tale that a poor woman had drawn the \$100,000 prize, and had fainted in the presence of the people assembled at the drawing, was a heartless, wicked lie. The prize fell to a man already wealthy. But many a poor mother has shed bitter tears because she did *not* obtain some of the alluring treasures. She wakes to find that she has made herself poorer instead of richer.

Hence it is that lotteries ought to be prohibited and prevented by inflexible law, not for the sake of the rich fools, but for the sake of the poor fools; not for those who can afford to pay their tuition in the school of Experience, but in behalf of those for whom delusion means hunger and nakedness. The subtle devil of gambling is in every lottery wheel, and, as he cannot be exorcised, not even by ministerial incantations at church festivals, let the approaches be taken possession of by legislation.

—It was recently demonstrated in Chicago just how strong fashion is among the ladies and gentlemen who are devoted to it. It was proved to be powerful enough to attract as many as 3,500 people to an entertainment which consisted exclusively of selections from Beethoven. It is possible that a portion of this large number was betrayed into an attendance by an ignorance of Beethoven and the character of his music; it is not to be doubted that a very large number of cultivated musical people went for the enjoyment of the rare musical feast; but those who are familiar with the average musical taste of a large and new city will readily admit that the majority of those present were attracted by the fact that the occasion was understood to be a *gala* night, upon which it was "the thing" to be seen there. If fashion will continue to do as good service as this, it may be that the 21,500 pianos, which are said to be turned out annually in this country from 300 different factories, may still, in their exaggerated accumulation, become endurable.

—We recently expended the usual reasonable price asked for an American illustrated journal, printed on tinted paper, which arrives in Chicago on Thursdays. The following day, we expended a similar sum upon another American illustrated journal, which arrives in Chicago on Fridays. By comparison, we concluded that we might have saved just half of the expenditure. Four of the leading illustrations in these two leading illustrated journals were identical. Accustomed to read the English and German illustrated journals, which came later, and less frequently, we find that their leading pictures have been poorly reproduced in two or more of the American weeklies. These facts, taken together, are not very flattering comments upon the enterprise and judgment of the publishers of these respective journals, who have means enough, and can control talent enough, to make *original* papers that will be more creditable to them, sometimes even in point of design and execution, than the simultaneous reproductions that must disappoint so many of their readers.

—WHY have we so poor music in the majority of our churches? Why is it that the public, which has become so nice and hypercritical in its taste for secular music that only foreign artists, and those of the highest excellence, can satisfy its ear, will yet endure to hear the praises of the Most High chanted in harsh and discordant strains? Must we believe that people are sincere in their professions of love for operatic music, but are not in earnest in their Sunday devotions, and enter the Lord's house only to render a mocking and hypocritical service? Certain it is, that many Christians grudge no expense to gratify an enlightened taste during the other days of the week, while on Sunday they will be content with the cheapest music that ever grated on critical ears—but few remove, perhaps, from the howl of a Mohawk or a Choctaw. Five or ten dollars a night, for successive weeks, they think a trifling expenditure to hear the exquisite strains of a Kellogg or a Parepa Rosa; but a tax of ten or twenty dollars a year to educate the young for good congregational singing or to support a first-rate church choir, whose execution of the immortal compositions of Handel and Haydn shall not make those artists turn in their graves, is regarded as outrageously oppressive.

To some extent, no doubt, the comparatively low state of our church music is owing to a Puritanical asceticism, the legacy of other days. There are some persons who think that religion should be as gloomy a thing as possible, and who begin to doubt their own piety the moment they find themselves deriving the slightest satisfaction from religious worship. Heaven, they seem to imagine, is better pleased with discordant wails, like the creaking of a dry axle-tree or the filing of a saw, than with

“A winding bout  
In linked sweetness long drawn out,”

such as charmed the ear of Milton; and the sound of an organ or bass-viol—that pre-eminently *bass-viol* of the Sabbath—shocks all their ideas of propriety. Of all the persons who have fought against the “modern improvements” in music, the old Presbyterian Scot has had the most deeply-rooted prejudices; but we have known, even in our own land, dissensions

and schisms to be produced in churches by an antipathy to flutes, violins, and even to the thunder of the majestic organ. Few persons who are familiar with the life of Dr. Chalmers will forget the invectives fulminated against wind and stringed instruments in the sanctuary—and against oratorios—by the greatest pulpit orator of Scotland. On one occasion, when preaching in Stockport, he stipulated that he should not be required to occupy the pulpit while the music was performing. “Will you believe it?” says he, “there was an orchestra of at least an hundred people; one pair of bass drums, two trumpets, bassoon, organ, serpent, violins without number, violincellos, bass-voils, flutes and hautboys.” A formidable array, truly, and marshalled, no doubt, in compliment to the pulpit Demosthenes, or perhaps to astonish him; but the argument from the abuse against the use of a good thing need not deceive us, even when coming from the lips of a Chalmers. “Have you never heard anybody tell,” exclaims again the same fervid divine, “and with complacency, too, how powerfully his devotion was awakened by an act of attendance on the oratorio—how his heart, melted and subdued by the influence of harmony, did homage to all the religion of which it was the vehicle?” And then he depicts the susceptible sinner “leaving the exhibition as dead in trespasses and sins as he came into it. Conscience has not awakened in him. Religion has not turned him.” His religious impressions, after all, are a “mere illusion.” But is not this argument a two-edged one, which may be used with as much cogency against all the services of the church as against the oratorio or other forms of sacred music?

Does not many a sinner attend divine worship, who is but momentarily moved, and who departs without repentance and without faith? Have not the thunderbolts of Chalmers's oratory startled thousands of hearers, who, after having been thrilled for a brief hour by his appeals, have sunk back into their old lethargy? No doubt the sinner is safer from “illusion” under the drawl of nasal psalmody, such as the Rector of St. Bardolph has burlesqued, than when listening with ravished ears to



the sublime strains of Beethoven, or "a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies" by Haydn. But is it true that all impressions from sacred music are

"Like the snow-flake on the river,  
A moment bright, then gone forever?"

Or, can we believe that the solemn verities of religion are less likely to affect the spirit when they are clothed in tones appropriate to their grandeur, than when committed to a tasteless and soulless drawl? Not so thought the Jews, who in their long wanderings to the land of promise—in that great temple of Nature, floored by the desert and roofed by the sky—chanted the song of Miriam and of Moses. Not so thought their leader, when he received *divine* commands and instructions relative to the making of those "silver trumpets" whose rich tones rang in the wilderness, while they sounded the notes of alarm, or war, or gladness, for the guidance of his followers. Not so thought Solomon when, on building a house to the Lord, he consecrated it with cymbals and psalteries and harps, with the sound of trumpets and the swell of voices. Not so thought David, when by the witchery of his harp he exorcised the fell spirit that tormented the soul of Saul. Indeed, the whole history of Israel's children, from their captivity in Egypt to their final dispersion as a nation, abounds with proofs of their intense love and high cultivation of music; every national event and divine institution was associated with and accompanied by its impressive power; and when they were carried in captivity to Babylon, their musical attainments were put in requisition by their captors, who said, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." And to content ourselves, for want of space, with one great authority in the modern church, Archbishop Laud—he evidently, like his quaint contemporary, Sir Thomas Browne, greatly "distrusted the symmetry of those heads that declaim against church music." He did not believe that the best music should be monopolized by the devil, and that the Creator's praises should be sung in strains that would torture a critical ear into frenzy. He knew that while the truths of a creed appeal to the intellect—the logical faculty

—the beauty and sympathy of a religion naturally ally themselves with the imagination, and through the imagination with art. "The difference," he justly says, "between singing and reading a psalm will be readily understood, if you consider the difference between reading and singing a common song that you like. Whilst you only read it, you only like it; but as soon as you sing it, you enjoy it; you feel the delight of it—it has got hold of you—your passion keeps pace with it; you feel the same spirit in you that seems to be in the words. If you were to tell a person that has such a song that he need not sing it—that it is sufficient to peruse it—he would wonder what you meant, and would think you as absurd as if you were to tell him that he should only look at his food, but need not eat it; for a song of praise not sung is very like any other thing not made use of."

We agree with Dr. Bellows, in his "Old World with a New Face," that the music of the modern church is characteristically barbarous, and wholly unworthy its own genius and mission, or the civilization of which it forms a part. It is either, as he truly affirms, a dull, monotonous, and inartistic droning of hymns—not one in ten of which has any lyrical quality—by a feeble choir or an undrilled congregation; or else an operatic performance, in which strains associated with the capers of the ballet and the gayeties of the theatre are wrenched from their proper service without being successfully accommodated to any other. "There is no incompatibility between the most artistic music and the most sincere religious praise. But religious music must be written by religious men for religious purposes, and then rendered in a religious spirit. One of the greatest of modern mistakes is that of supposing that good words will consecrate bad and undevout music. Religious music is essentially independent of words, its proper language being tones. Its meaning lies in its expression, and its proper accompaniment in the prayerful or worshipful sentiment it awakens in the hearer's heart. The words are usually merely in the way, and, except in the original service they may now and then have rendered of moving the composer's mind, are useless. Above all,

until we cease to marry together ideas (or words) and sounds not originally pledged and adapted to each other, we shall have that hodge-podge which now occupies and disgraces the place that really belongs to sacred music in Christian worship."

—THE "new party" movement, whatever it may accomplish in the future, has certainly commanded the respect of pretty general attention and of some special quakings among the politicians. The latter have our sincere sympathy in case the movement shall make further progress. They will be in an even more uncomfortable position than that of "sitting on the fence" or "riding two horses," which are said to be frequent if not favorite accomplishments with these gentlemen. They will be as seriously "discouraged" as was the cow that was thrown off the track by a locomotive, and as much "vexed" as the young Frenchman declared himself to be when his father died. They will not know what to do.

So far as the people and their interests are concerned, the temporary disfigurement of the politicians would not be very much regretted. The trouble is, that when things are straightened out again, there will be more politicians than ever, and more political parties than ever. It is a question whether the country can afford to stand this increase. We have now the Radical, Conservative, the Union, the Democratic, the Labor Reform, the Woman Suffrage, the "White Man's" party and the "Black Man's" party, the—but the list is even now too long for enumeration. If more parties shall develop with the inevitable number of politicians and office-seekers, we shall all begin to pray for deliverance from the evil.

—ALL the Sorosis ladies, the editors of Woman's Rights journals, the stump apostles of female suffrage, and that growing class which the "Saturday Review" has so ungallantly denominated as the "Shrieking Sisterhood," should unite in the common cause of paying tribute to the memory of the late Admiral Dahlgren, who bequeathed all of his real estate to his one

daughter, instead of dividing it between her and his sons. It has been assumed that he did this upon a knowledge of young men's propensity to mortgage property and woman's native aversion to such procedure, upon the facilities of the masculine gender for squandering and the tendency of the feminine gender to retain and preserve. This is a very nice theory, as far as it goes, and exceedingly complimentary to the ladies. There is only one drawback to its general and successful application, and this is found in woman's affinity, which, assisted by money, is almost sure to lead her to the altar. In this way, it is to be feared, the Dahlgren real estate will still come into the possession of perfidious man—unless, indeed, Miss Dahlgren should avail herself of the uncomfortable preventive of joining the "Shrieking Sisterhood."

—A LONG-LEGGED Sucker from Hennepin county, distinguished by a little head perched on a crane's neck—accounted with a swallow-tailed coat and pantaloons that refused to be coaxed down to his ankles—boots shining with tallow, and hat that scorned over half an inch of brim—stalked into Palmer's Hotel last week, to get what he called "a fancy dinner." Being seated at the table, and asked by a servant what he would have—

"Waal, I swan I do n't know," said he, casting his eye down the long array of *fricandeaux, cotellettes, ragouts*, and other "kick-shaws" on the bill of fare, which confounded him by their variety, while he despaired of grappling with them all—"What would you take, Cap'n, if you were in my place? I could n't eat all them are fixin's, you know—I could n't, by gravy, ef I never was to have another meal of vittles from now till snow flies."

"Would n't you like some soup?" said the waiter, wondering from what diggings this unconventional customer had strayed.

"Waal, Cap'n, you're beout right, I reckon. You must excuse me—I never was on this kind of craft before. Bring on your soup, and then I'll pitch into your bile vittles. You tax all the same, they say, and it's hard choosin'—so I'll jest try one plate through the lot—I will, ef I bust!"

—WE fear that the dyspeptics will not find much consolation from Mr. Dio Lewis's recent book of "Talks About People's Stomachs." It isn't pleasant to be told that "it's your own fault," in any disagreeable emergency; but this is exactly what Dr. Lewis says to all who are afflicted with the horrible experiences of indigestion. He says very plainly that the reason that American people are such dyspeptics, is that they eat and drink too much and too fast. That is about the upshot of the matter, and the only hope of cure lies in reform. The most curious feature about our national condition of indigestion is that it does not come from any special epicurean habits or preferences. We can understand readily enough how a man might boldly look the gout or lumbago in the face for the sake of a lifetime diet upon plum-pudding and "sich." We can comprehend even the monomania of an old Englishman whom we have read of somewhere, who traversed all Europe and spent a fortune of something like £200,000 within six years, for the simple purpose of giving his stomach new sensations. Astonishing things are related of this individual. He secured the services of the imperial cook of Russia's empress by the offer of an irresistible salary. He sent out his emissaries to China, Mexico, and the most distant quarters of the globe, though it is not said that he ever tried the United States. He would frequently pay £40 and £50 for a single novelty in the culinary line. Finally, his fortune having been totally dissipated, he bought him one of his favorite dishes with his last guinea, spent two hours in comfortable digestion, and then decorously hanged himself. We can conceive how all this should be; it was a monomania like that of the other Englishman who employed agents regularly, whose sole business was to keep him informed of the location and time of hangings, and who never missed one of these cheerful episodes of a criminal code. But, having admitted the possibility of comprehending such devotion to the stomach as all this, we are not yet prepared to account for the American propensity for gulping down poorly-cooked, every-day pabulum, in such quantity and with such rapidity as to render us a nation

of dyspeptics. There is so little philosophy in all this that we fear Dr. Lewis, like his predecessors who have made efforts in the same direction, will fail to find the secret of working the reform, plain as is the principle of the reform itself.

—"Is it possible that you have gone to drinking again?" said a gentleman to a bibulous friend, who, having sworn off from brandy smashes, *et id omne*, and kept his vow a month, had suddenly resumed his "smiling" habits. "What is the cause of this?" "Why, the fact is," said he, "I should have stuck to cold water still, if I had n't found that it was dangerous. Why, Sir, taking up a newspaper one day, I learned that Faraday, the great chemist, had shown that a single drop of water contains as much electricity as a flash of lightning—enough to destroy an elephant; and do you suppose I'm going to put such stuff as that in my bowels?"

—ACTUAL idol-worshippers seem to place a truer estimate upon their false gods than is usually supposed. Sir John Lubbock, in his "Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man"—a volume that is plethoric with curious and interesting traits of primitive character—tells us that the Chinese people exercise the privilege of calling their images to account in a very summary manner. If their prayers are not answered so soon as they think the merits of the case demand, the worshippers drag down the idols from their places, trail them through the dust of the streets, and then philosophically ask them why they have brought this treatment upon themselves when they might have avoided it. They go still further than Sir John notes. One of the imported Coolies—who was a "heathen Chinee" in a double meaning, inasmuch as he was a Chinese infidel and had no respect for the traditions of his fathers—related to the writer a domestic custom, which corresponds with the above observation. It seems that the more devotional Chinese are in the habit of carrying pocket images around with them, which they can take out and chastise as occasion may demand. If, for instance,

in cooking, a morsel happen to drop into the fire, the good Chinaman suspends operations long enough to take his patron image out of his pocket, and give it a thorough drubbing; he then returns to his duty with evident relief of mind.

If we were disposed to moralize, it would not probably be difficult to find a parallel treatment of idols among people who pretend to greater civilization than the Chinese. It is not amiss to suggest, however, that the Chinese custom might be made practically useful in many social, domestic, and business circles. We could place our hands—and so might every reader, no doubt—upon persons of both sexes whose amiability would be measurably increased by adopting the Chinese practice of carrying pocket images and venting all their superfluous spleen upon them. The Chinaman in this country has been found to be a model of patience and endurance, and, without any positive ground for supposing so, it may be that his occasional muscular practice on his favorite deity or patron-saint may be made to account for it. There is certainly a sufficient lack of pleasant words and cheerful forbearance in this country to justify the experiment.

—It is a popular dogma with lazy students in colleges, that hard study is detrimental to health. Card-playing long after the hour when "churchyards yawn," cigar-smoking, wine-guzzling, and cramming with stolen pig, never undermine the constitution of the poor youths—oh no! it is the monastic life they live, the severity of the discipline, the being compelled to bend painfully over Greek and Latin, or mathematical works in the evening, and perhaps to crawl out of bed at the peep of day, to be turned inside out by a professor. A fact rather damaging to this theory is, that with a few exceptions, the hardest students enjoy the best health. Where one young man in college spoils his health in digging at Greek roots or unearthing Latin derivations, laziness, late hours, and dissipation "use up" a dozen. "The two little fingers of Morpheus are heavier than the loins of Euclid." Professor Pierce, of Harvard, demonstrated this a few years ago by some

tables of longevity, which showed that the excess of mortality for the first ten years after graduation is found among those who lagged behind in scholarship while in college. The truth is, no organ of the body is tougher than the brain. Hard brain-work alone—apart from anxieties and fears, from stinting of the body's needed supply of food and sleep, and the mind's supply of social intercourse—does far more to prolong life than to cut or fray its thread. But it is very convenient for the student to make the text-book a scape-goat for his own sins—it staves off so many troublesome questions. The dodge reminds one of the story told in an Eastern college of an undergraduate who put his restaurant expenses into his private account-book, under the head of "boots." His father was rather astonished, and wanted to know what kind of soil it was about the college, that was so destructive to leather; to which the fast youth replied that it was "very porous."

—OF ALL the nuisances in the shape of modern economical inventions, one of the most unmitigated, in our opinion, is the dark, mirth-dispelling, jail-resembling, close stove. Doubtless they economise fuel at the expense of health; but we never attempt to infuse vital warmth into our shivering frame by one of these gloomy iron boxes, but we wish these deadly foes to cheerfulness, and their inventors with them, were sunk at the bottom of the Atlantic. If wood were forty dollars a cord instead of eight, or coal fifty dollars a ton instead of ten, we would burn it in an open fire-place. We would rather freeze, even, in view of a generous, blazing, roaring open fire, than undergo the gradual thaw effected by a cheerless, blues-imparting, suffocating iron stove. True, this invention affords a cheap means of dispelling the cold; but who at evening has not marked the difference between the cheerless warmth of heated iron, and the rich, generous, comfortable, and all-pervading temperature which steals through the frame when the ruddy open fire sends its dancing flames across the snug sitting-room—when the red embers blaze and glow with a tempting spell that charms you to the

hearth; when, if there be a friend present, you pour out your whole soul in a flood of unbidden confidence, and only tear yourself away at twelve, "the very witching time o' night," when the clock, with a single quivering peal, startles you from your tranquil and delicious reveries?

We believe there is not a more common source of contamination to the air of our dwellings, school-houses, and churches, than the almost universal use of stoves. Heated iron not only absorbs rapidly the oxygen so necessary to the lungs, but at the same time exhales a deleterious suffocating effluvia. Hence the severe headache to which almost everyone is subject, who respires the atmosphere in the vicinity of a heated iron stove. When the laws of human posture are reversed, and men stand on their heads instead of their feet, then will air-tight stoves, *et id omne genus*, which now heat the former and cool the latter, answer in a very small degree the purposes for which they were designed. The pain in the brain, which they now almost universally cause, proceeds from the want of a sufficient oxygenation of the blood in the lungs. It is said that a similar effect has been produced on quadrupeds, by causing venous instead of arterial blood, to pass into the head. Besides all these formidable objections to the close iron stove, there are the further ones that it produces, as generally managed, a very uneven temperature, and a much higher degree of heat than is healthful.

— A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following descriptions of what he calls "pleasures at a country church." We doubt if country churches have a monopoly of them all:—

On reaching the church to pass in solemn review before a battalion of "exquisites," drawn up in long array on the steps and in the porch, for the purpose of inspecting your Sunday equipments.

In passing up the broad aisle in sermon time, with squeaking new boots, to see the whole congregation simultaneously wheel their heads, and fix their eyes distressfully on *you*.

At the close of each performance by the choir, a *feu de joie* by the whole congrega-

tion in slamming hymn-books into their receptacles.

The barking in concert of forty-seven children who have caught the influenza—kept up all service time, from the heavy bull-dog guttural to the triple octave. (This is a fearful nuisance, and ought to be "coughed down.")

Listening to a serenade struck up by two powerful nasal bassoons in the next pew, and audible throughout the house,—the inspiration of one of the performers being so precisely coincident with the expiration of the other, as to render the sound perfectly continuous. The effect is heightened when, eventually, by a slip of the foot, and an unusual and alarmingly strenuous and apoplectic snore extra, the sleeper is landed on the floor.

Hearing a young "responsibility," ten or a dozen months old, *ki-yi-i* at the top of its voice in the midst of the most eloquent passage in the sermon, with an occasional "hush!" from its anxious mother.

Sitting near a hoarse, aged person, who sings as if his throat were lined with a worsted stocking, and, though he wheezes with all his might, cannot keep up with the choir, but is shaking on the last note as they begin again.

Sitting near a "nice young man," whose hair is reeking with oil.

As the minister is about to ask a blessing, another grand and final *feu de joie* by the whole congregation—hymn-books dashed down—hats grabbed—doors slammed open—and a general scuffle to get out, as if the house were in flames.

— THE Paris women are actually arming and organizing for the defence of the ramparts of the city—one hundred thousand strong, or weak, as the case may be—under the military title of "The Amazons of the Seine." They are to dress in a sort of rough Bloomer costume, and to be armed with light muskets carrying two hundred yards, with cartridge-boxes and full equipments. The first battalion of twelve hundred is now being drilled by a retired officer.

If the startling project shall be actually carried out to practical effectiveness, it will certainly present a new picture to the civi-

lized world of this century. Yet it will not be entirely new. The king of Siam at this present moment has a body-guard of four hundred women, armed with rifles and lances. When the invincible Dahomian army marched upon Abeokuta in 1851, they numbered ten thousand men and six thousand women. The women were placed in front at the critical hour of assault, and a thousand of their brave were left dead before the walls. And do we not read that the wives of the ancient Britons mingled in the wars fearlessly, and rushed to battle at the side of their husbands and brothers?

The Spartan women who strung their braided hair upon their husbands' battle-bows were not the first of the women of war; nor was Joan or Moll Pitcher the last. If Diodorus is to be believed, the Asiatic Amazons who were wont to hover among the mountains of Caucasus not only learned to fight, but they monopolized the business. They strangled nine boys out of every ten at the moment of birth, and sent all the girls to the Military Academy. They drove their husbands and other masculine parasites to the caves of the earth; and when these gentlemen timidly emerged to break their prolonged fasts, they were hunted like so many rabbits. The women marched to battle under their chosen queen, and overrun and subdued the whole of Asia. They built Smyrna and Ephesus. They whipped Theseus, and put the Greeks to flight. And did n't the African Amazons of antiquity subdue the Gorgons and Atlantes—whoever they were? In fact, if the profane history of five thousand years ago is worth anything, the women of that day were accustomed to "strike from the shoulder" in a fashion that was really terrific.

And in later days, ferocious women of war have appeared from time to time. In South America, around the confluence of the Japura with the Amazon, the traveller Orellana, in 1540, found a well equipped and powerful republic of women, whose fierce feminine army successfully resisted his European soldiers in battle. No men were permitted to live in the nation, but the men of the adjacent countries were received and entertained with much hospitality in April of each year. At the be-

ginning of the festivities, the queens chose their favorite gallants from the royal guests. The male children were drowned; but the girls were carefully reared for the army. The women built their own houses, killed their own game, made their own slight clothing, and found a "helpmeet" quite unnecessary. They had five temples of the Sun, built of stone and gorgeously plated with gold. They flourished and maintained their independence, for several hundred years, as is attested by the narratives of all vigilant travellers from Orellana to Humboldt.

Several women received pensions for their services as soldiers in the ranks during the American Revolution; and during the recent war for the Union, it is estimated that not less than one hundred women fought in disguise as private soldiers. Some are known to have been killed in battle; the sex of others was detected by the surgeons who dressed their wounds; while at least one fought gallantly at the side of the man she loved for four years, and finally passed proudly in review with Sherman's army.

It seems, then, that woman, under certain circumstances can fight. How does this disclosure affect her political status?

—THERE be many wise and some foolish statements made by those claiming to write for the instruction of the public in scientific things. Among the latter may be classed one which appears in a late number of the *Providence "Journal."* The writer would have us believe that the star Algol has a satellite which performs a journey of 1,760,000,000 of miles in two days 20 hours and 48 minutes of earth's time, or considerably more than 425,000 miles per minute. We are asked to admit that this slow-moving body is 41,000,000 of miles in diameter, while yet "we cannot see it," even with telescopic eye. We were always under the impression that "large bodies move slowly." The author of this brilliant contribution to the sum of human knowledge will scarcely find any one wishing to dispute with him the honor of it, however much his wholesale appropriations may have been complained of in the past! "That's his own."



— PERHAPS we cannot better close these pages for 1870 than with the following production of a rhyming contributor—showing that it is quite possible that some exceptions might be taken to the common satisfaction with which we are wont to regard our “age of progress” and its achievements:

As I sat in my sanctum a few days ago,  
With my feet very high and my head very low,  
Idly pulling the smoke from my meerschauum the while  
In a real old-fashioned, old-bachelor style,  
The smoke-wreaths that curled from the rubicund bowl  
Wove a tissue of dream round my indolent soul,  
And lifting it out of its prison of clay  
To the region of reverie bore it away;  
And my musings took shape in the thoughts of the change  
In man's earthly condition, more 'wilderingly strange  
Than the wildest of dreams that the poet has wrought,  
That the swift-rolling years in their passage have brought;  
And I thought could the ghost of some Puritan sage  
Arise from the grave in this marvellous age  
And mingle once more in our life of to-day,  
How the old soul would quiver in speechless dismay  
At the 'wildering sights to its vision displayed,—  
At the wonderful progress we youngsters have made!

Thus musing, I soon fell asleep; and anon  
A dream took the place of the thoughts that were gone.  
Methought that Miles Standish, that warrior bold  
Who marshalled the troops of the Pilgrims of old,  
Arose from his grave, and with slow-pacing feet  
Took a walk by my side through our principal street.  
As we entered a building, the first to be seen  
Was a curious busily-ticking machine.  
“What's that?” cries the Captain, in wonder sublime,—  
“The Telegraph, Miles, that annihilates time;  
For this curious invention, friend Miles, you must know  
Sends news round the world in a moment or so.”  
“My friend,” quoth the Pilgrim, with fire-flashing eyes—  
“Allow me to say you're the father of lies!  
Long weeks o'er old Ocean we Puritans swept  
In the staunchest of ships while the winds never slept;  
And this miserable trifle of brass, am I told  
Can make better time than the Mayflower of old?  
'Tis a lie! Lo! I'll smash it!” and quick as a flash  
Down came his broad palm on the wires with a crash,  
While his countenance beamed with devotional ire:  
But his thumb caught a screw and his finger a wire;

And just then the maid who with dignified mien  
So delfly presides o'er the slender machine,  
Nothing loth to respond to the Puritan's knock,  
Slyly opened the circuit and gave him a shock.  
With a howl like a yell from the realms of despair  
The Puritan bounded three feet in the air—  
“'Tis hell-fire concentrated!”—screamed in his fright—  
Then turned on the maiden, who laughed at his plight,  
And with finger upraised, and in accents severe,  
Thus gravely admonished her—“Maiden! I fear  
Thou'rt a witch, like to those that, as doubtless  
you know,  
We hanged in old Salem long ages ago!  
Mind your ways, heedless maid, or you'll certainly  
find  
The service of Satan not much to your mind.  
Quit this dangerous sport with devices of evil—  
Don't meddle with hell-fire nor play with the  
Devil:  
If you do—mark my word!—on the Judgment's  
dread morn  
He will claim his old playmate as sure as you're  
born!”

So saying we strode down the pavement once more,  
And halted again by the bookseller's door.  
I urged him to enter and see for himself  
The long rows of wisdom that crowded each shelf,  
Extolling the magical powers of the press—  
How it clothes sages' thoughts in a fanciful dress,  
How it utterance gives to each laboring muse—  
Broadcast scatters wisdom and multiplies news.  
“Aye! multiplies news!” quoth the Pilgrim in  
scorn—  
“'T were better old Faustus had never been born!  
For the work of his hand, ere its labor is done,  
Manufactures ten lies out of what was but one!  
And scatters its wisdom so broadly, I ween,  
It becomes by such spreading exceedingly thin,  
Diluting the knowledge of sages and schools  
Till it's melted away in the babbling of fools!  
Away with your books! I abjure them all!  
In the Scriptures, John Bunyan, and Dick  
Baxter's “Call,”  
There's sufficient for every devotional mind  
Godly comfort and sweet consolation to find.”

So onward we strolled, till we halted again  
To watch the approach of the Rock Island train.  
On it dashes and crashes and thunders and squeals—  
Miles shouts—“'Tis the cook-stove of Satan on  
wheels!  
Avaunt thee, Sathanas!”—then out jerks his blade  
And proves his old courage but little decayed,  
As he plants himself square in the midst of the track  
To meet the bold demon and frighten him back;  
On “the sword of the Lord and of Gideon” calls,  
And the Puritan war-cry most lustily bawls,  
Cuts, slashes and thrusts at the swift-turning  
wheels  
Till the cow-catcher tumbles him head-over-heels.  
As he picked himself up, I essayed to explain  
The meaning and use of the thundering train—  
How the farmer may travel at ease if he choose,  
Forty miles in the hour while he's reading the  
news;

How the dame, with her spectacles safe on her nose,  
Speeds on like the wind while she's knitting her  
hose.

"Alack!" cried the Pilgrim, "'tis sinful indeed—  
'Tis a tempting of Providence thus to proceed,  
Not content with the speed of the four-footed team,  
To annihilate distance and time with your steam!"

Just then a balloon—a huge, ponderous thing—  
Sailed over our heads like a bird on the wing.  
The Pilgrim's quick eye, glancing upward afar,  
Saw the voyager's face peeping over the car.

"What, ho! there!" he shouted, "thou venturous  
wight!

Don't seek to scale heaven in impious flight!  
Thou art worse than the builders of Babel of old—  
Like them sacrilegious and impiously bold;  
Take warning from them and come down while you  
may;

You can only reach heaven in the orthodox way!"  
But the voyager, heedless, as upward he rose,  
Dropped a huge bag of sand plump on Standish's  
nose.

"Alas!" cried the Captain, "the last days are  
nigh,

For the mountains and hills have shot into the sky,  
And now seek to cover us, falling from air,—  
Done up, too, in good hempen sacks, I declare!"

Next, down the broad street, pacing stately and  
slow,

In the acme of dress, came a fashionable beau.  
"He's a culprit!" growled Miles, "condemned,  
for his sins,

To the torture of pinching his feet and his shins;  
To puff all the day at the nauseous weed  
Till both conscience and stomach are qualmish in-  
deed;

And to wear on his head, in addition to that,  
A piece of old stove-pipe in place of a hat;  
And a cane in his hand, that the people may laugh  
To see his young footsteps stayed up with a staff!  
Bless my soul! how I pity his suffering toes—  
As I live! there's a squirrel just under his nose!  
Poor fellow! a bitter experience indeed  
Convinces him now of the truth of the creed  
Contained in the words of the Scriptural Bard,  
That the transgressor's way is exceedingly hard!"  
The youth never heeded the Puritan's cry,  
But sauntering lazily, loftily by,  
Met a comrade behind us who tipped him the wink,  
And the twain quickly vanished in search of a drink.

As we turned to depart, just before us came tripping  
A fashionable damsel, right airily skipping—  
A "Girl of the Period," dashing and gay,  
Entrancing our gaze with her gorgeous array.  
"My soul!" quoth the Pilgrim, in sudden affright,  
"What wondrous deformity floats on my sight?  
What curious admixture of good and of evil!  
The face of an angel—the garb of the Devil!  
Though her features are comely, she'll never be wed,  
For she carries a hornet's nest back of her head;  
And no prudent man, if he's counted the cost,  
Dare venture in reach of that venomous host!  
And pray, on her back what huge bunches are  
those?

Perhaps they're portmanteaus, to carry her  
clothes;

Or perhaps they're for ballast, to make some  
amends

For the rest of the shape—for she's small at both  
ends;

But she's proud of her housewifely skill—I de-  
clare,

For she carries a pancake on top of her hair;  
But her locks round her forehead confusedly  
roam—

What a terrible frizzle! pray lend her a comb!  
And her neck is quite bare, as she ought to be  
told—

She's forgotten her kerchief—she'll surely catch  
cold!

'Tis the face of a girl, but her years are nigh spent,  
For her form in the middle is woefully bent.

Does she kick? for if so, with such weapons as  
those—

Such long and sharp heels—she'd be death to her  
foes!"

Then I sought to explain every point he had  
blamed—

How the lump on her head was a waterlall named;  
That the pancake which high on her cranium sat  
Was no pancake at all, but a "love of a hat;"

That the bunches were panniers, for symmetry  
placed,

While her neck was dressed *out* in a Pompadour  
waist;

That each lock was most carefully frizzed to the end,  
And the stoop in her figure the famed "Grecian  
Bend."

"In fact!"—I concluded—"friend Miles, take my  
word,

She's an angel, though you think her dress so ab-  
surd."

"Hold there!" said the Pilgrim in angry rebuff—  
"Of your famed age of progress, I've seen quite  
enough!

I'll go back whence I came and escape from the  
sight

Of your boasted improvement and latter-day light!  
There's a maiden up yonder who plays with  
hell-fire,

While she's stringing God's thunderbolts on to a  
wire;—

Here, worse than the capers of Phaeton's team,  
Your vehicles scamper off, harnessed to steam;

And man, not content his own members to wear,  
Steals wings from the birds to go sailing in air,

While his garb on a clown were a libel and slur;  
And woman—well! words can't do justice to  
her!

No element's safe from the impious clutch  
Of him who would steal the true cross for a crutch;

The age has come round that the Scriptures foretell,  
And Satan is loosed from the bondage of Hell!

So home to my grave I will cheerfully plod,  
Where I've slumbered for centuries under the sod,

Lest the arch-fiend should gobble me too with the  
host,

And, caught in bad company, I should be lost!"

The Pilgrim's grim form disappeared as he spoke,  
And I from my slumber that moment awoke.

